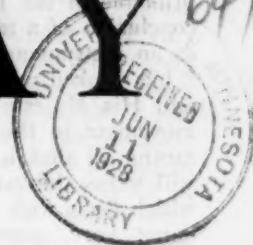


# THE SATURDAY REVIEW



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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

IN another column we explain why we are far from satisfied with the terms of reference to the tribunal which has been appointed to enquire into the Savidge case. The House of Commons was rightly incensed by the allegations against the police, affecting, as they did, the principle of personal liberty, but it has allowed itself to be much too easily satisfied by the proposed form of investigation. If the first terms of reference were too wide, the second are definitely too narrow. The fact that the House accepted them without demur confirms the suspicion that Parliament has abandoned its traditional rôle as guardian of our liberties. The Press has generally hailed the debate and its consequences as a great victory for the defence of personal freedom. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that the House of Commons wanted to do its duty, but seemed to have forgotten how to.

The truth is that the Commons has simply failed to grasp the significance of this case. It is angered by allegations of injustice to an

individual, and means to see that they are fully investigated and, if substantiated, that the offenders shall be punished. What it has overlooked is that this case is but one small symptom of a complaint which since the war has been spreading itself insidiously and often without protest or remark throughout our legislative and administrative systems. We do not mean merely as regards police procedure, though here, rightly or wrongly, there is a widespread fear that new and un-English methods are creeping into use; we mean that the whole principle of liberty in England has been usurped by a new principle—the principle of interference. The D.O.R.A. mind has got a firm grip on the country. It would be hardly remarkable, then, if it should also have spread to the police force, but it would be a serious mistake to fasten on the particular and to ignore the general. This is what the House of Commons has done. But since it has been itself in devious ways the chief agent of interference, its error is not altogether surprising.

The text of the British reply to the American peace pact proposals was published last Sunday. It expresses full and complete accord with the

**NOISE  
DESTROYS  
NERVES**

Hear the Scientists' warning  
and instal  
Call up the nearest  
Remington Office for help

**Remington-Noiseless  
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principle of the Pact. "The suggestion for the conclusion of a treaty for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy," it declares, "has evoked widespread interest in this country, and His Majesty's Government will support the movement to the utmost of their power." This means all that it says, and we hope Americans will stress this part of the reply rather than that which deals with details of interpretation or seeks—not very successfully—to square the French emendations with the original Kellogg draft. If this country can bridge the gulf between the two sets of proposals it will have done a really practical piece of work in the cause of the Pact; but if not there can be no hesitation as to the course we must henceforth pursue. Unfortunately for the attempt, Sir Austen's reply has been interpreted in France as being far more disposed towards the French attitude than in fact it is meant to be. The world cannot afford to risk failure because France lags behind. If we cannot carry France with us we must reluctantly go forward without her. We should be surprised if she were long in catching up.

Great relief will be felt at the collapse of the agitation, conducted by extremists among the cotton-trade employers, in favour of reduced wages. Each section of the employers' organization required an 80 per cent. vote before the violent policy of reduction could be introduced, and both fell far short of the minimum. The way is now, it may be supposed, clear for a more conciliatory policy and more constructive proposals. But unfortunately there are several unsettled and troublesome questions under discussion by the employers and workers in the bleaching, dyeing and finishing sections of the cotton trade, and the dismissal of a single worker at Nelson, followed by a strike of workers, has aroused fear of a local lock-out which might easily spread. Something, however, has been gained. We shall no longer hear from the employers premature and highly provocative talk of a reduction of wages as the sole means of reducing costs. Whether we shall now hear, in tones of the requisite authority, of the urgent need of united action, of amalgamation, of the elimination of excess capital, of standardized production of the cheap goods which have the largest and the least wealthy overseas markets—that is still uncertain. Lancashire cotton employers appear to lack a sufficiently vigorous, broad-minded and popular leader.

The decision of the National Committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union in favour of the system of payment by results is not so surprising as some people find it. For a long time past something like 75 per cent. of the membership of the Union has been working under one or other of the payment by results systems, and thus the decision removes an anomaly by recognizing facts rather than effects a revolution. All the same, the moral consequences of such a decision will be important. The ideal of artificially restricted work and wages is definitely abandoned. Also, as Mr. Dickinson said on behalf of the executive body of the Union, the chance lost at the end of the dispute of 1922 has

been recovered: the Engineering Union has acquired something which it can use in a bargain with the employers to the benefit of both parties and of national prosperity.

The result of the German general elections should put an end once and for all to the murmurings of those timorous souls who look upon every step Germany has taken to improve international relations as but part of a subtle plot to dull foreign suspicions preparatory to the restoration of the monarchy. The German Republic has been through some critical moments, but it is now as securely established as any regime on the Continent. Presumably there will now be a Socialist Chancellor and a Socialist Minister of the Interior, but this fact should not cause alarm, for the modern German conception of Socialism is so mild that the Communists did better at the elections than any other party despite the fact that Germany is essentially a country of law and order. Should Herr Stresemann unfortunately have to resign, there is no doubt at all that his foreign policy will be continued.

The escape of phosgen gas from a factory in Hamburg may have wider results than the trail of death and injury it left in its immediate course. By the treaty of Versailles, Germany is forbidden to manufacture or import poison gases; she is also barred under a League of Nations agreement from using them in warfare. What, then, was this factory doing making phosgen gas in Hamburg? Phosgen gas is used in the manufacture of dyes and it may have been for this purpose that this particular supply was intended, but the German Ministry of Trade is reported as saying that the factory in which the explosion took place is not among those holding a licence for the commercial manufacture of gases. Whether the League of Nations will appoint a committee of enquiry into the case is not yet decided, but it seems unlikely. The upshot of the accident, or rather of the facts which the accident has disclosed, is to emphasize the extreme difficulty of disarming a country of chemical weapons of warfare.

The Japanese rôle in China becomes increasingly puzzling to the Western observer. According to trustworthy accounts, the Japanese at Tsinanfu have been carrying out house-to-house searches for arms in a manner strongly reminiscent of German requisitions in Belgium during the war. By preventing Chiang Kai-shek's troops from crossing the Tsinanfu-Tsingtao railway they have given Feng Yu-hsiang, the one man whom nobody trusts, an invaluable start in the race to Peking. By announcing that they will allow no disorganized troops to enter Manchuria they have strengthened the fear of the Chinese—Northerners and Southerners alike—that Tokio intends to proclaim a protectorate over that very valuable province. We have every sympathy with Japan in her efforts to protect her nationals, but we are not quite sure that the methods she is adopting are the best ones and that they may not have unfortunate results, not only for Chinese and Japanese, but also for all Powers with important interests in China.

The Economic Consultative Committee of the League of Nations, which has just been holding its first session in Geneva, is an unusual body because, unlike most League committees, its members are chosen not by governments, nor even as representatives of their countries, but by reason of their personal qualifications. This means that there is much freer discussion than there would be if the same experts were chosen by governments and to represent governments. Their discussions have made it clear that tariff barriers are still, ten years after the war and a year after the World Economic Conference which dealt with them in such detail, the greatest obstacles to the development of trade. The Committee has now urged the Council to take up the problem of the coal crisis and to work for collective agreements for a reduction of tariffs on particularly selected groups of commodities. It is quite clear that nothing sensational can be expected in this field, but at any rate it is satisfactory to know that many governments have modified their trade agreements as a result of last year's Economic Conference.

It is particularly unfortunate that, in a country like Greece, which stands in such need of foreign capital and has made such valiant efforts to overcome obstacles the war placed in its path, party squabbles should lead to so many Cabinet crises. M. Kaphandaris, as Minister of Finance, has proved himself a very able man and we are disposed to sympathize with him in his quarrel with M. Venizelos, which has led to the resignation of the Cabinet. M. Venizelos has so often brought about a crisis after promising to withdraw from politics altogether. In the days when Mr. Lloyd George had dreams of reducing the Turks to a miserable tribe in Asia Minor, and the Greeks were to carry out the task for him, we heard a great deal of M. Venizelos. His efforts in Asia Minor led to complete disaster, and it cannot be said that his later activities have been very much more beneficial to his country.

An interesting correspondence has been going on in *The Times* on the merits and demerits of what are called "satellite towns." One objection to them seems generally to be overlooked, perhaps because it comes from an unusual quarter. The growth of cities is always considered from the point of view of the townsman; it seldom occurs to the experts thereon to consider the interests of the countryman. Yet he is intimately affected by the satellite town system, because it must rob him of more and more of his land. The system consists in developing a series of housing belts, with rings of "country" between each, the whole circling round a nucleus city as centre. Trees and green grass of a sort will thus be provided for the town-dwellers at the cost of a shrinkage in the real countryside even worse than that which is already making it hard to find. It means enormously enlarging the suburban area of towns, so that the extreme edge of one will border on the extreme edge of another, and England will become one vast suburbia. That is an objection of which the handful of people who care actively for the English countryside cannot fail to see the force.

Apart from a chronological blunder of a very surprising sort and a lapse of memory in regard to his own past responsibilities, Lord Birkenhead's speech in the Lords on the Equal Franchise Bill was a brilliant performance. That it was tinged with cynicism need not count against it; a little cynicism is often a relief in an age in which political life is sodden with sentimentality. And we agree that a statesman is by no means obliged to resign whenever he differs from the majority of his colleagues in the Cabinet. But Lord Birkenhead might have found room, in his candid review of his own position, for a reference to his journalistic activities. The journalistic emission of individual opinions is obviously very detrimental to that unity of action which the Cabinet system requires, and far from necessary for the explanation of a statesman's personal position. It is one thing for a member of the Government to tell his co-legislators that he supports them in a particular matter under protest, knowing that rebellion would not alter the course of events; it is quite another for a member of the Government to prejudice a policy and himself by writing articles in newspapers. In this instance Lord Birkenhead had previously attacked in print a principle he was this week called upon to defend in Parliament. Nothing could have afforded a neater example of the dangers of Cabinet journalism.

The tragically sudden death of Lord Buckland, who was killed on Wednesday while riding on his estate, has deprived the country of an extraordinarily successful man in mid-career. Lord Buckland—the eldest of the "Berry Brothers" as the triumvirate of Seymour, William and Gomer Berry came to be called—first stepped into prominence in association with the late Lord Rhondda, and his great business ability carried him swiftly from one success to another. Public sympathy will be widespread with a family which in a marked degree cherishes its personal ties; but there will also be regret that the nation has lost, at a time when such can ill be spared, a man whose faith in the future of his country was equalled by his grip and imagination in promoting her industrial greatness.

Next Tuesday, according to those whose faith is founded on the Great Pyramid, begins the period of "Final Tribulation," which, we note with relief, is not to exceed eight years, the sentence being subject to commutation if the world shows evidence of good conduct. So far there have been few signs of panic. It may be that we have suffered so many pains and penalties of late years that the prospect of fresh catastrophes no longer alarms us; on the other hand, we had some right to hope that our afflictions were decreasing and that better, not worse things awaited us in the future. It might be that a Final Tribulation would effect a moral change to fit us for the millenium when, as Burns wrote, "man to man the world o'er shall brothers be for a' that." In the meanwhile, for a' that, most of us will continue to make arrangements for our summer holidays.

## THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT

NOTHING may now be said with propriety about the "Savidge case," and we have every confidence that Sir John Eldon Bankes's tribunal will sift all the facts and tell us the exact truth. If the allegations against the police are confirmed, someone will doubtless be punished; if, on the other hand, they are refuted, public indignation, which had been brought to the boil last week, will simmer down. But in neither case will there be any fresh guarantees of individual liberty unless the House of Commons bestirs itself.

The terms of reference to the tribunal do not satisfy us, for they do not cover the real grounds of public anxiety. One member on Wednesday evidently realized the danger when he asked whether the terms of reference were wide enough to cover the instructions given by the Director of Public Prosecutions or by the Chief Commissioner. The Home Secretary thought that they were, but the Lord Chancellor was apparently not so sure. Lord Olivier asked him whether it was usual for the Director of Prosecutions to go to the police to get up a case for him, and Lord Hailsham said that it was. But to Lord Olivier's further question whether the tribunal would consider "the procedure to be adopted in the future in cases where charges were being made against the police," Lord Hailsham seemed to say very definitely "No." "The tribunal," he said, "had been definitely limited by the consent of all parties to the investigation of the action of the police in connexion with their interrogation of a particular witness on a particular day. The question put by the noble lord was not one which would come within the terms of reference." It would seem to follow that the tribunal will be debarred from considering whether the police ought to have interrogated at all, and will merely enquire whether it interrogated in the right way. That does not satisfy us.

Indeed, the whole business seems to have been botched by the House of Commons. There have been two published drafts of the terms of reference. The first, drawn by the Home Secretary after consultation with Mr. Arthur Henderson and Sir John Simon, violated the fundamental rule of English law that a man cannot be tried twice for the same offence, for it instructed the tribunal to enquire into the conduct of the prosecution of Sir Leo Money. That could not have been done without, in effect, re-trying a man who had been acquitted. Actually, what this first draft did was to give the unsuccessful prosecution a right of appeal against an acquittal—a thing absolutely unheard of. And Sir John Simon, of all people, never saw the objection until it was pointed out to him. Thereupon the terms of reference were redrafted so as to confine the enquiry to the details of the examination of Miss Savidge, and the House of Commons obsequiously accepted the new draft as though it were completely satisfactory. In fact it should have protested against the second no less strongly than against the first. What

the police did in this particular instance is not the main subject. What we want to know is whether the conduct of the police, correct or incorrect, in this particular instance was in accordance with general practice, and if so whether it is consistent with the principles of English liberty. For English liberty is based on the theory that the individual needs protection against the State. It was said in the Republic of Venice that it was better that nine innocent men should be unjustly treated than that one guilty man should escape punishment. The whole history of English liberty is an illustration of the opposite principle, that it is better for nine guilty men to escape rather than that one innocent man should be wronged, and it is through that principle that we have become the most law-abiding people in the world.

But, it will be said, this general enquiry will be undertaken by another Committee. Will it? Supposing that the allegations of Miss Savidge are refuted, what are the chances that another Committee will ever sit at all? And if it does, will not the general enquiry be prejudiced by the refutation of the charges in the particular instance? There is always the chance that by the time the first tribunal has reported public interest will have been diverted to some other subject, and if the evidence in the Savidge case tends to exculpate the individual police officers, as is quite possible, it is almost certain that we shall hear no more of the matter and that everything will go on as before. But it will by no means follow because Miss Savidge's particular allegations about what happened at a particular time and place cannot be substantiated that all is therefore well. The House of Commons ought to have insisted that the two enquiries should be conducted by one and the same tribunal, and that the particular case of Miss Savidge ought to be investigated only as one particular instance in which the fundamental principles of English liberty are alleged to be violated.

There can be no doubt that there is a widespread belief that what are called "third degree methods" are being introduced from the most law-breaking country in the world, where there may be some excuse for them, into the most law-abiding country, where there is none. And if this belief exists, it is a fact that needs enquiring into, for unless it is disproved it must infallibly undermine the deep respect in which English people still hold the common law as the instrument of their liberties.

For our part we are very doubtful whether the police ought to have the right to conduct these examinations of suspects, and certain that they should not conduct them when, as in the Savidge case, it is they themselves who are the suspects. We are clear that the House of Commons, having made the mistake of sanctioning a too limited enquiry, ought now to take the first opportunity of getting the second and larger enquiry instituted without delay. Otherwise, all we are likely to get is the precise truth about what happened when Miss Savidge went to Scotland Yard. No doubt that is very important to Miss Savidge and the police, but it is not after all what is most important to the public.

## THE BRITISH REPLY TO MR. KELLOGG

IT is inevitable that everyone should find something to criticize or misunderstand in a document which covers so wide a field as the British reply to the Kellogg proposal for a treaty to outlaw war. In a way it is to be regretted that daily newspaper methods are not employed in diplomatic notes, and that the salient passages are not written in italics or printed in leaded type. Were this done, we have little doubt that Sir Austen Chamberlain would have emphasized the point which he made at the beginning of his reply and reiterated towards the end: namely, that the British Government "will gladly co-operate" with the United States and "will support the movement [to draw up a treaty] to the utmost of their power." In order to avoid any misinterpretation it might have been wiser to copy Mr. Kellogg's own method, and to send a brief, cordial acceptance, supplemented by a written explanation or by a speech such as Mr. Kellogg made a month ago to the American Society of International Law. Had this method been adopted, it would have been impossible for the French papers to suggest that the Kellogg scheme is dead, that the British have "rapped the Americans across the knuckles," and that we are now faced by an interminable discussion, and perhaps even a dispute, between Great Britain and America.

In our own view the British text has, with one exception, been carefully and wisely drafted. In two important respects it has succeeded in building a bridge between Paris and Washington. Paris, for example, proposed that the treaty should not come into force until all nations had signed it. Sir Austen, on the other hand, proposes that it should come into force as soon as the Great Powers and the allies of France have agreed to it. "It would be embarrassing," he writes, "if certain States in Europe with whom the proposed participants are already in close treaty relations were not included among the parties." In the second place, while Mr. Kellogg wants to add nothing to his treaty, M. Briand wants an addition to make clear that "the violation of the treaty by one of the parties should release the remainder from their obligations under the treaty towards that party." Sir Austen Chamberlain reconciles these conflicting points of view by suggesting that Mr. Kellogg's speech, to which we have referred, should be placed on record "so that it may have equal value with the terms of the treaty itself."

One paragraph of the British reply has led to much comment in the French Press, but only, we imagine, in order to distract public opinion from the real differences between French and American conceptions. This is the passage dealing with "certain regions of the world the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety." The Government's declaration of a kind of Monroe Doctrine in regard to these territories should cause neither surprise nor alarm, since Washington fully understands the reasons which have compelled London thus to draw attention

to the special conditions of Egypt and certain other areas of vital importance to the Empire.

The only point in the British note which is left dangerously obscure is contained in the suggestion that "His Majesty's Government would for their part prefer to see some such provision as Article 4 of the French draft embodied in the text of the treaty." This Article 4 declares that the new treaty "shall not modify any of the obligations imposed upon the Contracting Powers by the international agreements to which they are parties." We presume that, in Sir Austen's opinion, the words "international agreements" cover only the Covenant of the League and the Treaty of Locarno, but, in French opinion, they cover also those special alliances which France has contracted with Poland, Belgium and the Little Entente countries. The United States distrusts these special alliances, and in this respect the two Anglo-Saxon nations are so fully in accord that it would be ridiculous for Sir Austen to endanger the success of the Kellogg treaty in order to protect French agreements which have definitely weakened the spirit of the League.

According to the British reply, the Government, after careful study of the French and American notes, "feel convinced that there is no serious divergence between the effect of these two drafts." We wish that we could share this optimism and that the tone of the French Press lessened our uneasiness. Now that all the Great Powers have replied to the American note the time has come to face facts, and the facts are clear for those who are not afraid to see them. The peoples of Great Britain, the United States and Germany want war to be abolished "as an instrument of national policy." The people of France are much more interested in maintaining the European *status quo* than in maintaining peace, and they hesitate to accept any treaty which rules out war but which does not institute a whole system of detailed methods of arbitration to maintain at any cost their own frontiers and those of their allies. This is the issue which has to be faced and in facing it we cannot allow sentimental considerations for France to jeopardize the success of the Kellogg treaty.

Nevertheless, in making every possible concession to meet the French view, Sir Austen Chamberlain has acted wisely. Just because the Kellogg treaty contains no detailed safeguards of peace, it depends for its success on its wide moral appeal. It is a document not for jurists, but for the man in the street. Therefore, it needs to be accepted, not grudgingly by nations which cannot afford to stand apart from a big international movement, but willingly and with confidence that at long last governments have learned that war never pays and are, therefore, determined to abolish it. If minor modifications of the Kellogg draft can allay French alarms, so much the better for France and the rest of the world. If not, we must go ahead without the co-operation of a country which fought at our side during the war. Sir Austen Chamberlain has made his attempt to bridge the gulf between Paris and Washington, and in the negotiations to come he cannot afford to spread misunderstandings of British intentions throughout the United States by making still further concessions to the French.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

**M**ONEY, in two different senses, has provided the chief interest this week, though it might be said that both bank notes and the police stand on a common basis—public confidence. The Speaker gave Mr. Johnston leave on Thursday to move the adjournment of the House to call attention to the peculiar circumstances of Miss Savidge's interrogation subsequent to the recent Hyde Park case, thus bringing down a storm which has been brewing for some time. Although the subject was raised from the Labour benches, the Government's readiness to grant an enquiry divested it of any political significance. Conservatives not unnaturally began by suspecting a party manœuvre and there is always a tendency in a section of the Labour ranks to suspect Ministers of supporting public servants as if they were a conspiracy of authority to hoodwink the public. But Mr. Johnston's sincerity, and the uncoloured frankness with which his severe indictment was presented, put the whole House into a judicial frame of mind. The Home Secretary, who was evidently much upset by the allegations, took the only possible line. He justified the propriety of his own action in turning over the enquiry into the alleged perjury of police witnesses to the Public Prosecutor. He acknowledged that even the suspicion of malicious charges, false evidence, and "third degree" methods warranted a sifting of the whole question to the bottom. But in fairness to the police officers involved, and to the force generally, he recorded their repudiation of the conduct imputed to them.

This incident distracted attention from the interesting Committee Stage of the Currency Bill. Differences of opinion about the limits of the fiduciary issue and the mechanism for its expansion or contraction were not confined to one side of the House. Mr. Pethick Lawrence took the initiative in most of the attempts to induce the Government to recognize the dangers of possible deflation, but he seems to lack the ability to drive a point home, while his colleagues completely spoil their case by the aimless irrelevancy of their arguments.

Everyone who has taken a holiday on the West Coast of Scotland is familiar with McBrayne's steamers. Many English members, therefore, listened with sympathetic interest on Friday to the almost unanimous revolt of their Scottish colleagues because the new Government mail contract with this Company does not do more to ensure better and cheaper services. The answer was that the progressive depopulation of the Highlands and Islands has reduced traffic and compelled the raising of fares and freights to make two ends meet. Although the effect is prejudicial to the economic recovery of these districts, the only alternative is for the taxpayer to meet the loss. The new agreement provides for certain reductions in charges and for the building of two new steamers in return for a moderate subsidy. The Labour Party, of course, advocated nationalization, but though Conservatives could not see how this would do anything except transfer liabilities to the State, the whole House agreed that before committing the country for five years another effort ought to be made to see whether the contract could not be made an opportunity for further improvements in the service. The Government accordingly agreed to the matter being referred to a Select Committee.

From this very local example of the difficulty of reconciling private enterprise with public service, the House turned on Monday to the similar, but world-wide problem of Imperial wireless and cable

communication. Mr. Walter Baker and Mr. Ammon voiced the Labour Party's anxiety lest the Conference now sitting should hand over the Government beam service to private enterprise without securing the previous consent of Parliament. They saw various indications that this might happen, and particularly feared the result of the amalgamation of Marconi and the Eastern Telegraphs, which seemed to have been effected in order to increase the pressure for this purpose. The amalgamation of wireless and cables might be essential, they argued, but the companies must not be allowed to squeeze out publicly owned services, especially as their own position was largely due to subsidies in the past. Sir Hamar Greenwood, who has not taken part in debate for a long time, intervened to defend private enterprise, and Major Hills put in a plea for the public corporation on the lines of the railway companies.

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The subsequent discussion of the Prisons Vote as usual revealed the difficulty of striking the happy mean between the deterrent and reformatory effects of the system. The two are not always happily blended. Mr. Maxton, who enjoys the advantage of personal experience, recollected an occasion when, tired out by prison tasks, he had attended a prison concert which opened with the song 'When we come to the end of a perfect day.'

The remaining stages of the Currency Bill occupied the whole of Tuesday, but contributed less to the elucidation of the mysteries of the fiduciary issue than to Members' balances of that peculiar political currency-divisions. Sir Alfred Mond, who came out in support of further investigation of the Bank of England's relations with the Treasury, made the only noteworthy contribution.

\* \*

On Wednesday the House unanimously agreed upon the terms (amended to exclude what would virtually have been a retrial of the Money case) of the enquiry into the interrogation of Miss Savidge. Members were loath to countenance any debate which might have led to expressions of opinion, but Lady Astor and Miss Wilkinson could not refrain from deploring the absence of a woman from the tribunal.

FIRST CITIZEN

## PARENTS AND TEACHERS

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

*Paris, May 21, 1928*

**A**RE the French learning self-reliance and co-operation? Are they growing tired of looking like Americans only by wearing large spectacles, and are they making up their minds to see to their own affairs themselves? An extraordinary event took place last week in the building of the Lycée Condorcet. Several hundred parents, instead of sending in petitions to the Minister of Education, decided to meet in a convention and to state their *desiderata* publicly. They have done so to the surprise and admiration of the country, and the Press has given publicity to their wishes.

During the past thirty or forty years education has been affected, in France as elsewhere, by two different tendencies. The progress of science and the utilitarian aspirations of the age have resulted in the introduction into the curriculum of branches which had been entirely outside the scope of secondary education. Meanwhile,

public sentiment continued favourable to classical studies, so that physics, or chemistry, commercial geography and modern languages had to be crowded in as best they could. Where the pupils used to be at most four hours a day in class, they are now six hours. Conversely, where the youths used to have five or six hours a day for personal study, reading, or composition, they now have only three or four hours. Good-bye to the long period in the study-room, from five p.m. till eight, which I remember as a luxurious time of mental leisure and freedom! Often, nowadays, there is a class from five till six and sometimes later. Meanwhile, the pupil has to write his essays or fight with his equations; time must be found, and no wonder if French parents have to admit that many of their children sit up doing school work after they themselves have retired.

On the other hand, esteem for physical training has increased, sports have become part of the national life, and the doctor is giving his opinions on education as often as the professor. Young people must have gymnastics, they must also have games, and they must have times for doing nothing if they are so inclined.

It is between these two tendencies that education is oscillating, and it is according to the prevalence of one over the other, that the sixteen hours which a boy or girl spends out of bed are being torn to pieces or fought over. Professors take sides, naturally. It is inevitable that each one should defend his own speciality, and economics play their part here as elsewhere, for it is too plain that if the syllabus attaches less importance to one branch than to another, less coaching in that branch will be required and somebody's exchequer will suffer. The problems in practical education have become exceedingly complicated.

It is true that many schoolboys in Paris sit up late doing lessons, but it is also true that, as a rule, their health does not seem to suffer much. They look less robust than English, American, or Scandinavian children, but they are not sickly, and when the time comes, their military service makes them as hardy, and about as hearty, as any others. The reason is that it is not in the nature of a boy to overwork. When he feels tired in class, he retires into himself and finds there an inviolable cosy corner from which no sensible teacher dares to dislodge him.

But this again is one of the parents' grievances. They rightly complain that their children go to school to learn how *not* to learn. M. Herriot, who once was a terse writer, and still occasionally hits upon a happy phrase, defined culture, on one occasion, as "that which survives when all that you once learned has been forgotten." But who can doubt that learning how to learn is the most important part of culture? And how can you learn if there is no time for learning, especially in a system which opens a gulf between teaching and that excellent method called sensible cramming?

The parents, before breaking up their convention, passed two important resolutions. They want their children to be in class not longer than twenty hours a week—the old proportion in my own school-days—and they want three of their representatives to be regular members of the Council of Education. The latter demand is too obviously just to be discussed. As for the twenty hours a week request, it sounds sensible, but teachers have already stated that they will leave it to the parents themselves to apportion those twenty hours as they think advisable. There will be the rub, for the chance of another battle between Ancients and Moderns lies there. In the meantime I am surprised, as I am every time education is being discussed, that methods are hardly mentioned. Weak methods—which people foolishly call easy—were introduced into the teaching of Latin and Greek sixty years ago by Durny. On the other hand, intelligent methods have, in the past twenty years, pro-

duced remarkable results in the teaching of living languages. Why is it that nobody thinks of applying those intelligent methods to the teaching of the classical languages? It would immediately appear that this would mean merely a return to the simple but forcible exercises in use before Durny began what he called simplifying. But this may be the very reason why people will not remember them.

## A LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

May 21, 1928

MAY draws to its close and with it passes also that period of frantic eleventh-hour preparation which inevitably precedes the ordeal of a Tripos. The late Jane Harrison used to say that "an article when one is sickening for it is a horrid thing" and what is true of an article is doubly true of a Tripos. Yet if a certain degree of uneasiness is inseparable from all examinations, it is nevertheless difficult to justify the peculiarly virulent mental strain which the latter, in Cambridge at any rate, so frequently involve. And when it is added that almost the whole of this strain can be traced to the workings of a system in which it is hard to find a single advantage, the persistent action of those who control these matters becomes very difficult to understand.

The system referred to is that which demands from a Tripos candidate the completion of no fewer than five comprehensive and comprehensible essays in the space of three hours. Now apart from the inevitable deterioration in quality which characterizes work done against the clock, and the obvious unfairness which this involves in respect of those who happen to write slowly, there are certain very forcible reasons why this system should prove pernicious. In the first place it not only penalizes those who write slowly but also those who think slowly. It is possible to argue, of course, that an examination should test quickness of mind as well as capacity, and to some extent this is reasonable; but to impose time limits of such stringent effect that the examination becomes a mere speed trial is to carry this argument altogether too far. There is no reason whatever why a man who thinks quickly should be considered mentally superior, or produce superior work to a man who thinks slowly: very often the exact opposite is true. And while a longer time period would still confer an advantage on those whose mental reactions are swifter than the average, it would permit those who think more slowly to do themselves justice, while obviating the difficulties which arise in the case of candidates who normally think at average speed but whose brains, in the presence of an examination paper to be completed against time, either work hectically or become numb with agitation.

Secondly, this system has an unavoidably deleterious effect upon the value of the questions set. Obviously it is pure waste of time devising questions which require careful constructive thought if they are to be answered at length in thirty-five minutes. At best the examiner can only select subjects upon which much has already been written and, by framing his questions suitably, attempt to elicit the candidate's own opinion, which in the circumstances may have been formed beforehand. At worst the questions demand nothing beyond a meaningless catalogue of facts.

Facts, unfortunately, are fatally easy to acquire and for this reason the "questionnaire" method of examination, which the speed system involves, has produced more harmful results in the preparatory work undertaken for a Tripos than in the actual examination itself. Inevitably it leads to "cramming."

Not long ago the Headmaster of the Perse School delivered an address in which he dwelt at considerable length on the evils which accompany this mass-production method of acquiring knowledge. No sane educationist would be likely to question his conclusions. Yet what other course is open to the candidate who is taking an Honours Degree, say in English? Confronted with the Herculean task of expressing himself coherently on five different subjects in a morning, he is hopelessly left behind if he has not every fact at his finger tips and even the very phrases in which to express them.

It is obvious that this system, though possibly the only alternative in the case of the bad second- or third-class man whose attitude to examinations is purely "defeatist" (i.e., exemplifies nothing more positive than the desire to avoid failure), in the case of the intelligent candidate is frequently unfair and always detrimental. The growing indignation at this state of affairs, among both dons and undergraduates, has led to much discussion, to the circulation of manifestoes, and even the formation, this term, of a society specially to consider the question. It is difficult, however, to know exactly how to set about reform; and so far the innate conservatism of the University, coupled with the inhibitory nature of Boards and Committees, has successfully prevented anything being done. Nevertheless it is clear that until some form of segregation takes place and examinations for potential first-class candidates are conducted in such a way that the creative and perceptive, not merely the retentive faculties of the latter are called into play, the full value of a University course in these subjects cannot be realized.

Few disputes have led to such spirited controversy or such bitter reflections as that which is at present being conducted between members of the C.U. Rifle Association and General Costello, Commandant of the University O.T.C. Initially the dispute arose as a result of general dissatisfaction throughout the Club over the question of civilian membership. By the rules of the Association any undergraduate wishing to take part in competitive shooting had necessarily to join the O.T.C., though he was not required either to qualify as efficient or to attend the annual O.T.C. camps. These regulations, it was felt, despite their laxity, were sufficient to prevent a considerable number of undergraduates from joining the Club every year, and were consequently detrimental to the prestige and efficiency of Cambridge shooting. Accordingly when certain grants from the O.T.C. to the C.U.R.A. were diminished, and finally withdrawn altogether, the Committee of the C.U.R.A. decided to put forward the resolution that the Club should be thrown open to all members of the University. At a general meeting, held shortly afterwards, this resolution was carried unanimously.

General Costello, however, strongly opposed the innovation from the start, and the controversy which ensued eventually led to the dismissal of two members of the C.U.R.A. Committee and the resignation of two other committee men. Upon General Costello cancelling the dismissals the former then resigned.

After an interval occasioned by the vacation the Club again held a meeting at which the General read portions of a letter from the "Blues" Committee in which it was stated that Half-Blues for shooting were awarded to the O.T.C. and only through the O.T.C. to members of the C.U.R.A., and suggesting that to emphasize the connexion between the two the latter should henceforth be called the C.U.O.T.C. Rifle Association. Under threat of confiscating the Club property and refusing range facilities the Commandant succeeded in obtaining the two-thirds majority necessary to carry his proposals. The Club was accordingly reconstituted under the name

of the C.U.O.T.C.R.A., with General Costello as president, his Adjutant as secretary and, with one exception, an entirely fresh committee nominated by the General.

In these circumstances it is hardly surprising to hear that the four ex-members of the Committee, all of whom were Blues and three also Internationals, are undertaking the formation of a second Rifle Club open to all members of the University. It is understood that an invitation has been received from the Oxford captain requesting an independent match with a representative Cambridge Eight, and if the new civilian club is able to obtain range facilities in spite of the Commandant's efforts it is still possible that Cambridge may be adequately, though unofficially, represented at Bisley.

## ROMANCE AND THE FUTURE

BY PAUL BLOOMFIELD

ALREADY, at the beginning of the scientific age, people are looking askance at the romantic symbolism which we have inherited from the unscientific past. The questions at issue are vital. Have we as yet sufficient data from history and psychology to be able properly to discuss human nature? If we are beyond the four-year-old stage of our racial development perhaps our character may be discernible by shrewd judges. And not only our character; also our tastes, and what is good for us, and the validity of our romantic symbols.

A rose by any other name, may smell as sweet, but is there any substitute for the rose itself? Mr. J. B. S. Haldane is looking for a substitute for love, and a succession of anti-romantic generations are showing that sophisticated humanity can do without much tender emotion. When Remy de Gourmont in his book on the psychology of love wrote that *le but de la vie est le maintien de la vie* he was reckoning without ectogenesis. Was he, nevertheless, so far right that the passion for survival is the deepest, and will be the last passion to survive, in the human heart? Or will an ectogenetically produced humanity, satisfied with its intellectual adventures, commit suicide in a moment of *désœuvrement*? And long before that, will romance have died a natural death?

It is again becoming quite fashionable, largely through the influence of Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, to believe in an infinite length of days for our race on this and other planets. Previously Mr. Bertrand Russell had recommended us to compare the race with the individual, and to resign ourselves to the prospect of our kind growing old and becoming extinct. Mr. Hilaire Belloc had even taken the responsibility of picking out the twelfth century A.D. as the time when the race was in the fullest vigour of its manhood. Not only enthusiasts for the middle ages think that we are on the decline. Mechanical invention has not impressed everyone alike with its glittering charm, and many reflective people set their golden age in the fourth century B.C. or the fifteenth A.D. Mr. Haldane, by re-introducing infinite time into our speculations, has made it difficult for us to evade considering those future generations which, "lightless in the quarry," have so far (as Mr. Aldous Huxley has pointed out) not considered us very much. If the world we live in is middle-aged, our foibles and fancies can be regarded as amiable, inevitable; our privilege. If the world is infantile these foibles may be just bad habits of which we shall have to be broken. Our symbols may not be of eternal significance, but toys that we shall be made by our children (strangely enough) to abandon. But romance and its symbols, the rose, the nightingale, the mayblossom and the starlight never had a function to perform essential to the continuance or material prosperity of the race. The romantic sentiment must have made its first appearance in a society which had

enough and to spare of life's necessities, and which surely recognized it as an end in itself: something with a strong element of that human artificiality which is also one of the mainsprings of art.

Now it is not mankind but individual man that is the measure of all things. The man with individuality will never be able to take a purely functional view of love, for the exaltation of which it is that romance exists. After all, what is this "nature" that holds out love as a baited hook to our more or less sophisticated passions? Romance is partly the faith that love is more than the baited hook; science, following after, has begun to tamper with the contrivances of "nature," and, without being friendly to romance, has helped to detach love more and more from racial utility. It may be said that romance is in greater danger practically than theoretically. The atmosphere of partial democracy and popular science is not very favourable to it; under a plutocratic socialism nothing of romance might remain but a memory to be exploited by the idle as an antidote to boredom: a memory of idiosyncratic behaviour on the part of the ancients who, poor things, could not, by pressing a button, transport themselves to the antipodes, but who left charming poems and stories about love.

The future of romance, then, depends on the answer to the question: will the artistic sense of the race be overwhelmed in the course of time by the rising tide of ingenuity, which is already responsible for a considerable mechanization of life? Will the rotarian proclivities of the thriving population of a new age cause individualism to appear the most indecent and unforgivable of anti-social sins? It is true that the word romance is sometimes used in connexion with the triumphs of science and machinery. Wrongly; among other reasons because railway engines do not have love affairs, and test tubes are quite unable to appreciate the dramatic bearing of their performance. Romance is a peculiar expression of *savoir vivre*. It will always be an attribute of those who have a sense of proportion in human things, who, so to speak, intuitively understand the *tempo* suited to the bodily vehicle in which our souls are transported through the physical world. Invention does not multiply the important issues of life; alas, too often it merely overlays them with rubbish. Invention, anyhow, whether good or bad, is something that has to be grafted on to us. Romance is a source of vitality in our bosoms. Let us hope it will never dry up.

## ON BOTTLE-PARTIES

BY GERALD GOULD

NOBODY has asked me to a Bottle-Party; and I must say I am a little surprised. Not that I am, bottle-less, an acquisition to any party; but I should have thought that my presence, coupled with a bottle, would be preferable to my absence, coupled with the absence of a bottle. And, as a matter of fact, none of my friends has even asked me to send the bottle by post.

That, of course, will be the next step. Once you depart from true values and proportions, you must follow out the logic of the false. Already guests are judged, not by their charm or morals, but by the contents of their bottles, just as in the United States of America a man's social position is determined, not by what he carries in his head or in his heart, but by what he carries on his hip. Champagne Charlie is popular; Mumm's the pass-word. Benedictine Bill is reckoned a blessing barely disguised. Whiskey Will goes down well. But a friend of mine who

took a bottle of milk (all in good faith, of course, and expecting only tea from the others), barely survived till morning—to go home with the milk. Those who had brought brandy did not go home with *their* bottles; the hosts and hostesses at these parties ought to do pretty well, thank you; and the lees of pleasure take on fresh significance.

I have never been—I repeat it without bitterness—to a Bottle-Party; and I am not sure that I have got the hang of the idea. But, as I understand, you must bring a bottle of *something*, be it Château d'Yquem or Orange Cordial; and once the bottle has arrived, and left you in the cloak-room, it goes into a common stock, and enriches the host's cellar. Soon we shall be seeing notices in papers: "Among others who accepted invitations were two dozen Barsac, with the Duchess of Aquafortis; and half a dozen Gin-Slings, who brought the Marquess of Clicquot." Believe me, these be wrong standards, and will ultimately involve retribution. I am, I hope, no kill-joy: I would concede a certain value and importance to innocent relaxation: but, looking back to the days when women were loved for themselves alone—when the vintage was recognized as but the guinea-stamp, and a man was a man for a' that—when wits, in short, were fresh and clear, and life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames—I confess that I tremble for my country. Only a few years ago, dancing was denounced as depraved and dangerous; but at least people were not asked to bring their own floor.

Not that the practice of Bottle-Parties is really as novel as the neophytes suppose. I have often read of shack-warmings in the great open spaces of the West, gatherings to which he-men and she-women would come jingling in sleighs for miles over the star-lit snow, bringing food and drink with them. But that, after all, was mere yielding to the exigencies of the occident. The host was too poor, or too lonely, to provide the provender: because he did what he could, he kept the spirit of hospitality. But one of the glories of the ordinary host has hitherto been to put his hand in his pocket, if his pocket could afford a cheque book and his bank an overdraft: many a handsome fellow has ruined himself, and half-ruined his tradespeople, rather than turn his cronies empty away. The age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded . . . . But no, I am unjust. Some natural tears I shed, because I have never been invited to a Bottle-Party. This neglect, coming on top of the literary life, has spoilt a nature once frank and cheerful as a child's. (What sort of child? A frank and cheerful child.) I impute base motives—from the base motive of spleen. I do not really think that the hosts of Bottle-Parties ask for bottles in order to save expense. I think they do it in order to get bottles.

The movement for brighter and better bottles is itself, however, symptomatic. I am persuaded that there is on the whole much less drinking among the young than there used to be. When I was in residence at a seat of learning, many a man, like Miss Loos's enchanting Dorothy, liked to get intoxicated once in a dirty while; and bonfires, in colleges renowned for piety, burnt frequently to heaven. But now, I am told, you can go from end to end of the old, grey university town, and see no flames aspiring from quad-

rangles, and hear no whoops nor oaths nor tally-hos vexing the dreaming spires, but catch only the soft sibilation of wind-blown gowns, and the murmur of modulated voices, as dons and scholars walk together in the evenings, debating of homoiousian and homoousian. It is a pretty picture, and contains the same moral as Bottle-Parties. Which is, that liquor is not enough. There must be an idea beyond the bare convivial. Subtlety supervenes. Even a party at which you meet to drink must be given in a new fashion, at strange hours, or in striking costume. It used to suffice if one simply consumed alcohol till all was blue. Now, Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats: and John Keats himself would scarcely be welcome without his porridge.

A point of conduct puzzles me. Is one bound to mix one's drinks? Can one in decency, while circulating one's own port, refuse to taste a rival's sherry? Add a glass or two of spirits, various: of clarets and burgundies: of temperance beverages, windy and provocative: of coffees and creams: of chocolate and cider—and what chance will the wretched guest have to get away with it? He might as well swallow the soap and throw up the sponge. Nor does the peril end here: for suppose some bright young spark, apostle of Fascism or facetiousness, has brought Castor Oil?

I have known it regarded as a severe breach of etiquette, in a crowded third-class railway carriage full of sailors and hop-pickers, for one traveller to refuse the sanction of a sup to everybody's bottle in turn. But then, there was no very difficult mixture there; a mere trifle of whiskey, gin, stout, bitter and porter. If Bottle-Parties more refined and diversified exact as high a standard of decorum, I am glad to stay away from them. (Still, I should like to have been asked . . .)

Can the coveted invitations, I wonder, be secured by bribery? What if I offered to visit anywhere with a magnum, and to leave it and go home? I should be able to say, at least, that I had at last been asked. But let no one, on those terms, mistake me for a Three-Bottle Man.

## VERSE

### HIC SUNT LEONES

**B**EHOLD these porphyry canyons! Are you not ecstatic?

On every side new miracles appear.

Why, the very cash-registers are almost human here,  
And the human beings are almost automatic.

See bagmen from Brummagem cutting a perky dash,  
(Ho, let the champagne cider eddy and foam!)  
And errand-boys, unleashed from home-sweet-home,  
Inflicting havoc on the petty cash;

Etc., etc. Yet though

Sheen milkily trickles from pilasters, and from a violin

Oozes, like the sleek, jellified flow

Of golden syrup, something or other from 'Lohengrin,'

The hungry sheep look up, and piecemeal they are fed,

Unwisely and not too well, at three-and-six per head.

PAUL SELVER

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

### OUR VANISHING ART TREASURES

SIR,—Far more valuable than any attempt to persuade the Government to prohibit or tax the export of our art treasures is the movement to encourage appreciation of those treasures. I believe that public appreciation is growing rapidly.

Following the very successful exhibition of the British Antique Dealers' Association at the Grafton Galleries, there is to be held in London in July the International Exhibition of Antiques and Works of Art and it is significant that one of the largest halls in London—the main hall at Olympia—has been taken for it. By showing there not only the most rare and exquisite collectors' pieces but also antique furniture and works of art within the reach of middle-class pockets, the acquisitive desire of the home-lover will be cultivated and the people who begin to want beautiful, if inexpensive, things for their own homes are the people who will want to keep the beautiful and expensive treasures for their own land.

I am, etc.,

Imperial War Museum, MARTIN CONWAY  
South Kensington, S.W.7

### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Your Islington correspondent, criticizing the remarks of "your Willenhall correspondent," appears so impervious to irony that it is necessary to inform him, in simple terms, that the "amazing assertion that ill-health is more culpable than crime" was not made by Samuel Butler in his own person but was attributed by him to the Erewhonians, a people in whose customs and beliefs he satirized our own civilization, sometimes by inversion and sometimes by direct if fantastic analogy. This mixing of methods, with its resultant double irony, may confuse a careless reader, but it hardly excuses his inferring that Erewhon is the author's ideal state. Butler's intention was clearly to suggest that criminality is a psychological disease and should be treated as such—now-a-days a familiar doctrine and one that is accepted in all intelligent non-official circles.

Your correspondent's letter contains one marvellously illuminating phrase: "A wicked girl of 17." This is indeed the *reductio ad absurdum* of his error. To attribute "wickedness" to a child is a blazing piece of folly, in the light of which the idea of "moral culpability" is seen to be nonsense. And what is true of the child is true, fundamentally though less obviously, of the adult, since the line between the one state and the other is a purely arbitrary one.

I am, etc.,

Sussex

GERALD BULLETT

### HARVEY AND HIPPOCRATES

SIR,—The very interesting and instructive article by "M. D.," which appeared in last week's SATURDAY, gives hardly sufficient credit to the men whose names are famous in the history of medicine in the days of ancient Greece and Rome. "Harvey began," it has been said, "where Galen ended; it was the accumulated rubbish of the intervening ages that he swept away," and no one who is at all acquainted with the nature of the remedies which were commonly given to the sick in the "dark ages," can fail to realize how vast that accumulation was. But Hippocrates in the fourth century B.C. and Galen in the second century A.D., had laid the foundations both

of medicine and anatomy, though no other "master builder" appeared for more than a thousand years. The famous "Hippocratic Oath" is a striking illustration of the humanity and breadth of view of these early "practitioners," and it remains the substructure of all professional etiquette.

Martial mentions lady doctors at Rome, and Vergil, in the 12th Book of the *Aeneid*, describes "Dilectus lapyx" in terms which, with but little alteration, might apply to many a "beloved physician" at the present day: he chose medicine as his profession because he wished to be of service, rather than to achieve wealth or fame:

Scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi  
Maluit, et mutas agitare inglorius artes . . .

and when an astonishing cure has been effected, he disclaims, with the characteristic modesty of great men, any special professional skill, and attributes the patient's recovery to Providence:

Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistri &  
Proveniunt, neque te, Aenea, mea dextera servat.

I am, etc.,

Hartfield Square, Eastbourne WALTER CRICK

### THE ANGLO-CATHOLICS

SIR,—Your correspondent, C. Poyntz Sanderson, takes it for granted that to keep the fortunes of Anglo-Catholics at a low ebb is a thing to be desired. Leaving the point that a low ebb presupposes a tide, and to keep a tide at low ebb is not practical politics, let us examine this Anglo-Catholic movement.

Dean Church in his essay, 'The Oxford Movement,' dates the germ of the revival from Keble's sermon to the University of Oxford, preached on July 14, 1833, and published under the title 'National Apostasy.' In 1919 the results of an enquiry into the state of religion revealed by army conditions were published with the title 'The Army and Religion.' In an appendix summing the Bishop of Kensington's impression we read: "Probably eighty per cent. of these men from the Midlands have never heard of the Sacraments. The meaning of God, sin, repentance, grace, forgiveness, baptism, confirmation, is hardly known by the great mass of them." If National Apostasy was a danger in 1833, the report on Religion in the Army reveals it as a grave danger to-day.

Surely any agency which is working to minimize that danger is an asset, even if it does deviate somewhat from the standards of the Church of England which were the vogue in the eighteenth century. Surely the Salvation Army and the Y.M.C.A. are assets; and if so, why not this Anglo-Catholic movement? To put it at its lowest, it is hardly likely that eighty per cent. of those who had been educated at Lancing, to name one school out of many founded by Anglo-Catholics, had never heard of the Sacraments.

It is not very difficult to understand why his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury should feel as he does. 'Who's Who' tells us that he was private chaplain to Archbishop Tait from 1877-82, when the prosecutions under the P.W.R. Act were at their height, and that he married Miss Tait in 1878. His attitude towards Anglo-Catholics to-day means no more than that his convictions have been constant for fifty years at least.

The report of the Royal Commission on Discipline based its estimate of disloyalty on decisions arising from the P.W.R. Act: decisions which Anglo-Catholics refused to recognize on the ground of what they held to be the faulty jurisdiction of the Court which pronounced them.

Even if this belated attempt to crush Anglo-Catholics should be more successful than the P.W.R. Act of 1870, who is likely to gain? Who gained by the action of the University of Oxford in condemning Newman in 1845? Certainly not the Church of England! The idea that Anglo-Catholics as a body are Romanizers is nonsense. When Newman left the

Church of England it was men like Pusey who stemmed the tide. When the Bishop of Chichester put the advice of the report on discipline into action at St. Bartholomew's, Brighton, it was the Cowley Fathers who stepped into the breach. When Bishop Gore drove the monks of Caldey out of the Church of England, the fact that they joined the Church of Rome deprived them of funds as well as sympathy. It would not be too much to say that no single case of joining the Church of Rome as the result of legal or episcopal pressure has ever received any sympathy from Anglo-Catholics as a body, and very scant sympathy even from individuals.

But in view of the fact that some eighty per cent. of young men are totally ignorant of the simplest rudiments of religion, it is a sin to check and harass Anglo-Catholics as though Catholicism, whether Roman or Anglo, were worse than nothing at all.

I am, etc.,

LAURENCE W. HODSON

### THE FESTIVAL THEATRE

SIR,—I have read with interest an article on the work of this theatre in a recent issue of the *SATURDAY REVIEW*. While I welcome criticism of the pioneer work undertaken under my direction, I believe myself to have some justification in resenting the publication in such an authoritative journal as the *SATURDAY REVIEW* of a fundamentally adverse and destructive criticism by an immature mind that is out of sympathy with the progressive movement in the modern theatre. It seems to me that if journals like the *SATURDAY REVIEW* are willing to do our work the honour of criticism, we might hope that they should obtain such criticism from the pen of a mature mind that has some sympathy with, and understanding of, the movement we represent. The English theatre is admittedly backward. Modern methods long established on the Continent, and in America have not yet reached their experimental stages in this country. Prominent men of the theatre, such as Kenneth McGowan, are in the habit of stating publicly that it is not worth their while coming to England because no modern theatrical work is ever to be seen here. Yet when certain courageous persons undertake the task and seek to nurse the delicate plant, it is either ignored or subjected to destructive criticism which contains definite misunderstanding of the methods under review.

I submit this protest in the interests of the modern movement in the theatre which I and my fellow workers are concerned in fostering.

I am, etc.,

For and on behalf of the Festival  
Theatre (Cambridge), Limited,

TERENCE GRAY, Director

[We are not sure that we understand Mr. Gray's complaint. He talks about our Correspondent's "immaturity," but does not begin to answer his arguments. In our opinion the article to which Mr. Gray takes exception showed both "sympathy with and understanding of" the movement his theatre represents. Our Correspondent's judgment was very far from being purely destructive. Pioneers must expect a reasonable measure of criticism.—Ed. S.R.]

### 'SALAMMBO'

SIR,—Mr. Edward Shanks's review of the new translation of 'Salammbô,' in your issue of May 19 ascribes the word "cab" to a printer's error. I have not at hand any copy of 'Salammbô' for reference, but I suggest that there is no misprint and that the word used is the name of a measure—"an ass's head was sold for four-score pieces of silver and the fourth part of a cab of dove's dung for five pieces of silver."

I enclose my card, and sign myself,

Yours, etc.,

"MILES"

[Several letters are held over.—Ed. S.R.]

## THE THEATRE

### SHE SNOOPS TO CONQUER

BY IVOR BROWN

*The Road to Rome.* By Robert Emmet Sherwood. The Strand Theatre.

*Alibi.* By Agatha Christie and Michael Morton. Prince of Wales's Theatre.

*Six Characters in Search of an Author.* By Luigi Pirandello. Arts Theatre Club.

MY first introduction to Latin literature came through the work of one Eutropius, whose recommendation as diet for those of the tenderest years was his use of curt, clear sentences and of an extremely limited vocabulary. He was particularly informative, I think, about Hannibal's elephants, the monsters being as dear to him as parasangs to Xenophon. Hannibal, I learned from Eutropius, and later from that more thorough-going historian whom I love best in his French title of *Tite Live*, was sworn to revenge upon Rome, reared in hatred, and trained in all the arts and crafts of Punic treachery and elephantine communications. He crossed the Alps with his Numidians and his circus-troupe, and went about ignobly defeating and besieging the noblest Romans he could find. It was real drama, with elephants and castles all over it.

Mr. Sherwood, who comes to the classics with the familiar modern raillery, has evidently been as much impressed as I was by the importance of the elephants. So we have young Mago presented as the Chief Mahout, or, since the idiom is up to date, as the O. I. Elephants who is thoroughly tired of his charges and of handling these animated tanks upon the rocky road to Rome. But the main problem to which he has set a wit that is his own, and a method that was Mr. Shaw's, is the dalliance of Hannibal after Cannæ when Rome seemed to be entirely at his mercy. I have never been greatly impressed by the usual explanations about lack of support; in any case his communications with Carthage had been broken years before. If he had an army strong enough for a long course of conquests in Southern Italy, surely he could have tackled the Seven Hills. Again, the Roman yarn about a fiend sworn to revenge seems remarkably senseless if the Man with the Red Hand did really go mooning off to Capua when he had his ancestral enemy stretched on the table in front of him, with throat bared for the knife. There may have been some necessity to make for the corn-lands, but the thing is a genuine mystery, and Mr. Sherwood is entitled to apply his fancy to finding the answer.

He does, in fact, supply us with two solutions. His first is a playful suggestion that the Roman dictator, Fabius Maximus, was the prototype of an American Senator who, by booming away Babbitt-wise about the war, drove his little minx of a Grecian wife, Amytis, to such an exasperation of boredom that she slipped out of Rome to see this man of action, as a flapper might pursue and peer at a film star. The expedition is entirely successful, and Hannibal is himself caught by the pretty spy whom his men have captured. To use Mr. Sherwood's vocabulary, the "snooper" snoops none the less successfully because she is under arrest. But her conquest is not merely of the body, and so another answer is provided for the great Hannibalic mystery. Amytis, who seems at first to be nothing more than a load of mischief, suddenly becomes an ethical pioneer, and lectures her victim on the thorns that are hidden in the victor's laurels. She asks him why he has kept slogging and slaying along the road to Rome, and he honestly replies that he does not know. This Hannibal has much of Hamlet in his composition. He ought to be vengeful, but he remains unpregnant of his cause. Accordingly, when the wife of Fabius, who has just

provoked his passions, then starts to argue him out of militarism as though she were really a member of the Fabian Women's Group, he lets his doubts rule over his strategy and, at the risk of mutiny, calls his war-dogs away and forbids them to worry the carcase of defeated Rome.

One can point to weaknesses in Mr. Sherwood's method. He over-works naughtiness, and has a rather callow assiduity in sexual suggestion; the sudden development of Amytis from a flighty little charmer in the first act to the philosophic counsellor who probes the quiddity of human triumphs and victories in the second is unlikely. But far be it from me to mutter over such grievances merely for the sake of seeming critical. 'The Road to Rome' may have been helped to my favour by the balderdash to which first-nighters have recently been condemned. But, judged apart from these issues of relativity, it is a play for grown-up people. It uses the ancient world to satirize the modern, and does it with pertinence and precision. It is a great mistake to regard it as a mere rag, there being genuine matter and method in the analysis of conquering heroism that knows not why or whither. Hannibal is one of the grand question-marks of history. Nobody ever toiled more terribly to snatch a triumph and then gazed upon his prize with a more lack-lustre eye or a smaller appetite for the use of it. Mr. Philip Merivale plays the sad captain extremely well. You feel that this man has all the ability to win (even were the Roman dictator not played as Babbitt) and all the wisdom to be bored and puzzled when he has won. Miss Isabel Jeans first makes Amytis as pretty a rogue as ever cuckolded a Restoration husband, and then turns the naughty spy to philanthropic sage without destroying our credulity. Mr. Kendall and Mr. Goodrich are the pick of the Punic staff. This is certainly the play of the month, perhaps of the season.

'Alibi' starts with a higgledy-piggledy first act, but is tidied up for a competent finale, and is a mystery-play which does really mystify. I am, by compulsion, an experienced connoisseur of those dewy simpletons who turn out in the third act of crook-plays to be the master ghouls, but my connoisseurship was quite overthrown on this occasion. I shall say only that I suspected the English rosebud, played by Miss Gillian Lind, because she seemed to have no conceivable reason for crime and an excellent alibi as well. I was wrong, and so will you be. Like myself, also, you will be fascinated by Mr. Charles Laughton's performance as M. Hercule Poirot, the French detective. I have praised Mr. Laughton so often, and commented upon his splendid plasticity, that there is no need to do so any more; the gossips with famous noses for "news" have discovered him about eighteen months late, and he is famous. See him in the Hercule vein, and you will agree that nobody was ever less like a stage Frenchman and more like a real one.

Sir Barry Jackson's revival of 'Six Characters' confirms my belief that Pirandello is a great writer of comedy who stultifies himself by playing down to the highbrows with his childish metaphysical quibbles. In the case of this play, for instance, there is admirable comedy latent in the confusion of the actors when the characters of their play come to life and insist on being heard. Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore and Mr. Clarke-Smith were immensely amusing as the insulted players, and made one bitterly resent the brevity of their parts, which are kept in subjection to the inevitable Pirandellian hair-splitting about "reality." This nagging nihilism may impress the half-baked, but it is a definite nuisance on the stage. It here ruins a first-rate intellectual comedy about the theatre and its illusions. But there is enough of that comedy left to make 'Six Characters' the best of Pirandello's work. Mr. Ayliff produced it extremely well.

## ART THE ROYAL ACADEMY

SECOND NOTICE

BY WALTER BAYES

I HAVE never been of those who regard "mere accomplishment" in painting as negligible (in comparison with the element of surprise or experiment to which writers are prone to attach a possibly undue importance) and there is sufficient accomplishment at the Academy to warrant some notice beyond the necessarily hasty impression which circumstances exact from the critic immediately after his first visit. That on this occasion the impression consisted in part of a grumble resulted from a vivid realization of how much of the stimulus of an Academy Exhibition disappears with the decline of a certain executive brilliance which I had not reckoned, and perhaps still do not reckon, as the highest quality in Art, yet keenly regret when it is lost.

There is a moral here for picture buyers as well as critics. If you see anything you like at Burlington House, the opportunity to secure it is probably anything but a permanent one and executive brilliance is at least as precarious a quality as any other. Resulting as it does from the union of science and brisk determination, the latter soon weakens when the competitive element (illegitimate if you will, but undeniably effective as a stimulus even in artistic activity) is withdrawn by the easy circumstances of success. Very soon after his election to the Royal Academy we see what executive science the Academician has to fall back upon. Let us take two who display a considerable science—Sir William Orpen and Mr. Munnings.

Both of them possess, Sir William perhaps the more reliably, Mr. Munnings with almost greater occasional ease and brilliance, the power, not so common as it sounds, of fully using the painter's available palette. Their lights are not chalky nor their darks heavy, they distribute the colour intervals evenly through a wide range between light and dark and judge wisely for most purposes of that just balance between the interest of colour and the interest in tone, failure to secure which makes a painting alternatively starved and harsh or cloying in effect. Neither of them is a fine designer and so theoretically the modern critic would add neither is an artist. I would not be quite so doctrinaire and am inclined to hedge with the amendment that if either of them ever makes a fine design it is without knowing it—a stricture which will probably appear severe to almost every member of the Academy except the painters in question.

No. 15, 'Dame Madge Kendal,' is a good example of Sir William Orpen's technical procedure in the planning of tones. His (quite sound) policy is to paint the flesh in wide obvious intervals which appear blatant until the still greater chromatic violence of the surroundings restore to it a certain mystery and the strongly different colours making up the face are seen after all to be by such comparisons "flesh colour." In the mechanics of this operation, in his sense of what the resources of the palette are, Sir William is as accomplished as ever. He has always been inclined a little and is increasingly inclined to regard the wide range of colour and tone used in the flesh painting as a licence to draw copiously and circumstantially rather than by suggestive allusion—as though what was in a face was exhaustible and the fuller the statement the better. He makes of his sitter's face a very complete thing, inclined to overflow its larger pattern-boundaries and he is somewhat taxed to find a chromatic setting sufficiently rich in every direction to reduce the flesh to quietness—thus giving the impression, quite unintentionally no doubt, of a lady of exuberant oriental taste, who has been given the run of a second-hand clothes shop and has put every-

thing on at once, "All this world and all the glory of it."

Mr. Munnings is, again, a person of great natural gifts. He has the quality, almost extinct among painters, of knowing an attractive subject when he sees it. From a somewhat narrow point of view, he is a learned student of natural appearances. If he is bearing the strain of success somewhat worse than Sir William Orpen, it is in part because his subject-matter naturally and increasingly, as his compositions become ambitious, tends to flimsiness except in the hands of a fine, almost one might say of a self-conscious, designer. A horse is an embarrassing thing to a painter, its thin legs tempting him by their elegance to an elaboration of forms too meagre to derive naturally from the main masses of the design. Except to a man with some power of using light for the purpose of subordination, he becomes a very centipede. Mr. Munnings happily has this power adequately for the purposes of a certain class of subject, and his best works present, say, a single cavalier riding through a spinney, raked by sloping sunbeams. The mass of the figure would be well disposed, and big enough to compare adequately with the area of the panel; the horse's limbs would be shown by the action of the light in very varying degree and serve as an easy transition between the large masses of barrel and head and the spatter of sun on twigs and boughs (and perhaps distant figures) which constitute the gay "trimming" of the design. These things he has often carried off with great spontaneity, and I am rather sorry for those of my friends who profess to have had no pleasure from them.

He is not equally well equipped to deal with subjects wherein he shows a number of horsemen, and when even the central mass of each individual beast takes up but a small portion of the canvas space. He is perhaps in added difficulty when in an open scene he has no other slender forms of brushwood or what not whereby to distribute the small scaled detail of those unavoidable legs—unavoidable at least to this equine specialist, to whom, alas! the elimination, in the interests of the picture, of detail he knows so well is unthinkable. It is from this point of view that I call his study of the science of appearances narrow; the apportionment of analysis is itself a scientific problem, and should be posed afresh for every composition.

It is not thus with No. 198, 'The Bramham Moor Hounds.' The leading rider is admirably fitted to be the principal figure of a picture it would almost fill—the easily related sympathetic movement of horse and man is an admirable theme of masses from which the thinner forms derive with due subordination. Except for a slight thinness in the actual pigment which makes it a little "papery," it is really very well done. But add another and yet another rider done in just the same way, and we get a design which is very thin indeed—thinner than the 'Saddling for the Grand National' (92)—where the equine foreground is divided more definitely into a centre and two wings, and backed by a large centre of more or less rectangular forms intended to strengthen the middle episode. The result here may in some degree be satisfactory from a linear point of view but not plastically, yet again we may admire how admirably each of the three foreground episodes is backed up by the adroit handling of the crowd behind (which here fulfils the function of the glinting foliage in the spinney).

The 'Bramham Moor Hounds' might have fared ill had Mr. Padwick's massive and vivacious 'Western Landscape' (199) been hung alongside instead of above it. If the constructive sense of Mr. Padwick could be united to the technical accomplishment of Mr. Newton (a 'Dorset Landscape,' 333), a branch of art which has (at Burlington House at least) rather lacked severity of recent years might be rehabilitated. Even as it is Mr. Newton's work is an attractive feature,

invoking from admirers comparisons with Wilson.

I do not know who is responsible for having hung Room XI so that the pictures look rather better than they are, which is what good hanging should do. There are in it, however, a number of works worthy of note, such as Mr. Meredith Frampton's 'Reclining Woman' (702), which is in portraiture what Mr. Newton's picture is in landscape; Mrs. Proctor's 'Little Girl' (686), the 'Panel for a Morning Room' of Mr. Byron Dawson (701), the 'Still Life' of Miss Clausen (704), and an unusually satisfactory design by Mr. Gerald Moira, 'Potato Harvest' (661). Elsewhere in the Exhibition I would recommend the 'Still Life' of Miss Bland (263) and the refined and capable figure picture of Miss Marjorie Brooks's 'Work' (281), a very promising effort on a more serious scale than much that is shown here. Mr. Glyn Philpotts's portrait of the 'President of Magdalen' (162) recalls the better portraits of Orchardson, but there was a time when we had counted upon a more painterlike development of this artist's talent. Among the better portraits are Mr. de Glehn's 'Mrs. Gordon Douglas' (41) in the slippery or Sargent manner, and Mr. Ginnett's 'Mrs. J. C. C. Pigott' (89), which is on the perhaps more sympathetic side of meticulous carefulness but with rather less science in the handling of colour.

## MUSIC

### NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

**A**MONG the orchestral records issued this month the most delightful are those of Haydn's 'Clock' Symphony in D minor, played by the Hallé Orchestra under Sir Hamilton Harty (Columbia). The Symphony is one of those composed for Salomon's concerts in London in 1794. After hearing the records of this genial work, I can only express astonishment that it is so completely neglected by our orchestras in London. For nothing could be more delightful than the high spirits and melodic invention which Haydn shows in it. You might think that any one of its tunes is a mere eighteenth-century commonplace, but always, without fail, Haydn gives the music an original turn just when a less-inspired composer would do exactly what the auditor might expect of him. He will extend a melody to two bars longer than you think it will be, or suddenly alter its direction, or surprise you by an unprepared change of key, that nevertheless is no mere arbitrary piece of sensationalism. Even though the work is full of good spirits, its laughter is not that of an empty-headed fribble. Now and again there appears a note of seriousness, which shows that the composer's happy nature was not due to any lack of feeling or inexperience of adversity. The recording is admirably clear, and the slow movement, whose steady beat, suggestive of the tick-tock of a pendulum, gives the Symphony its name, is admirably reproduced.

From the same company comes a recording of Dvorak's 'Nigger' Quartet in F, made by the London String Quartet. This work belongs to the same group as the familiar 'New World' Symphony, being founded upon tunes which the composer heard the negroes sing during his visit to the United States. It is well played, but the tone of the first violin is poorly recorded, especially in the first movement. Another interesting record issued by Columbia is of Delius's 'On Hearing the first Cuckoo in Spring,' played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham. It need hardly be said that, under this conductor, the full beauty of the tone-poem is brought out in the performance. Yet, unfortunately, it belongs to that class of music whose spirit somehow eludes the process of reproduction. It depends for its effect so entirely upon orchestral colour that any distortion or slight upset of the tonal balance detracts from the effect out of all proportion to the actual amount of that disturbance.

Wilhelm Backhaus has recorded the whole of Chopin's book of Etudes (Opus 10), together with his Berceuse and Waltz in E flat, for the Gramophone Company. The pianist, quite legitimately, sets the technical side of these pieces before their poetic content. Whether we prefer this view of the Studies or not, it was perhaps the wisest line to take in view of the quality, or rather the lack of quality, of pianoforte-tone as reproduced by the gramophone. The quieter pieces are more successful than the stormy ones, such as the 'Revolutionary' Etude, as the gramophone manages to capture something of the singing tone. A strenuous *forte* escapes it altogether, and is given out again as a toneless clatter.

There is a very pleasant record of an excerpt from Tchaikovsky's 'Sleeping Princess' Ballet, with Bal-four Gardiner's 'Shepherd Fennel's Dance' on the other side, for those who do not despise the lighter things (H.M.V.). In the same category may be placed two vocal arrangements of Waltzes by Johann Strauss—one of them the ever-enchanting 'Blue Danube'—sung by Evelyn Scotney. The voice has not much quality, but it is true in intonation and the rhythm is good. Another Strauss Waltz appears in a pianoforte transcription by Tausig, played by Rachmaninov. This is a good record, as pianoforte records go. The 'Blue Danube' has also been recorded for the organ, with results more curious than satisfying. H.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—117

SET BY H. C. HARWOOD

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account, in *Boswell's manner*, and in not more than 400 words, of Johnson's interview with Voltaire.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation into Latin Prose (the style of Tacitus preferred) of the following excerpt from Gibbon's autobiography:

On my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life.

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 117a, or LITERARY 117b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, June 4, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of June 9.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 115

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an original English sonnet derived, in part or in whole, from Baudelaire's 'Recueillement':

Sois sage, ô ma Douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille,  
Tu réclamais le Soir; il descend; le voici;  
Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,  
Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.

Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,  
Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,  
Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile,  
Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main; viens par ici,

Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défunes Années,  
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées;  
Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret souriant;

Le Soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche,  
Et, comme un long linceul trainant à l'Orient,  
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce Nuit qui  
marche.

*What is asked for is something between a translation and a new sonnet, something that shall bear roughly the same relation to Baudelaire as Mr. Yeats's 'When you are old and gray and full of sleep' bears to Ronsard's 'Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle.' A close translation will not be disqualified; but the prize will go to the best sonnet.*

B. Next month will be published Mr. Bernard Shaw's long-delayed book, 'The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism,' the scope of which is not, one suspects, accurately defined by its title. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the most convincing anticipation of the first two hundred and fifty words of this book.

We have received the following report from Mr. Gerald Bullett, with which we agree, and have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

#### REPORT FROM MR. GERALD BULLETT

115A. Experience of these competitions has shown that good sonneteers abound among the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW; and most of them have risen to the bait of Baudelaire. At least ten of the numerous entries deserve commendation: Alice Herbert (despite her meandering tenth line); John Cook, J. J., H. C. M., Major Brawn, James Hall (for his line "And nagging Recollection's all my prize"), Lester Ralph, E. S. Goodwill, Crosby, and N. B. Theirs were not in any sense distinguished sonnets, but each had some merit. Nearly all the rest—notwithstanding the latitude allowed—were wooden, worried paraphrases, packed with poetic expletive and unredeemed by the least hint of sincere feeling. I had hoped that the allusion to Mr. Yeats's verses would encourage my poets to forget that they were committing—or evading—the difficult act of translation. But no: they remembered all too well; and the results are eloquent of their fatigue. The best sonnet was submitted by Duff Cooper, who is recommended for first prize. His fifth line is faulty, and "behold" and "manifold" strikes one as mechanical rhyming; but at least there is a touch of decisiveness and conviction, if not of individuality, in his versecraft. One competitor disfigured his manuscript (but did not disqualify it) with an advertisement of the fact that he has contributed verse to a (specified) literary weekly—an irrelevant and therefore improper remark. For second prize I recommend J. Ewing; will he send his address to the Editor?

#### FIRST PRIZE

Be wise and silent—oh my deep despair,  
Thou hast demanded darkness, and behold,  
The night with consolation manifold  
Descends upon this citadel of care.  
Pleasure, who is joy's executioner,  
Now, where her trinkets can be bought and sold  
Scourges the young and crucifies the old—  
But thou and I have business elsewhere.

Now at this sunset hour of memory

Come contemplate with me the haunted past,  
Until thine own remorse shall smile at thee  
And thou shalt wonder at the thing thou wast,  
And welcome Night, who, with mortality,  
Brings dark salvation in her wings at last.

DUFF COOPER

#### SECOND PRIZE

Strive not, my bosom-sorrow, hold thee still;  
Long hast thou sighed for Eve; lo! she doth fall  
In veils of mist she wraps yon lonely hill,  
And peace to men imparts—but not to all.

Now, while the slavish many devious run,  
This way and that by tyrant Pleasure spurred;  
We their full-throated merriment will shun,  
—Give me thy hand, my grief—unseen, unheard,

Let us away. On years long fled we'll gaze  
That in the garments of our childish days  
Go clad; and, bending o'er wan waters, meet

Dim half-regrets; while, spent his noonday heat,  
The dying Sun his shroud 'thwart heaven trails:  
Listen, dear grief, how soft fall Evening's feet.

J. EWING

115B. It is surprising to discover, on the evidence before me, that Mr. Bernard Shaw's works are still unread. All the competitors except one (who is therefore the only prizewinner) seem to have relied on hazy recollections of what the cheap Press said about Mr. Shaw ten years or more ago. The result is that most of the entries are unspeakably bad: ill-conceived, ill-written, pert, gawky, self-conscious, and nothing like anything. Others, bad but less bad, are quite uncharacteristic of Mr. Shaw. Many of the mistakes are elementary: for example, it is surely no secret that Mr. Shaw writes in long, rapid, closely knit paragraphs, and not in a series of feeble jerks. And I cannot understand how Non Omnia could represent the apostle of Creative Evolution as saying that Reason "is the rarest and holiest attribute of humanity"; or as writing such vile prose as this: "... the male voter who wantonly permits such brains as he has to wallow in the garbage of the capitalist Press by which they are poisoned and befouled." I recommend N. B. for first prize, and that no second prize be awarded.

#### THE WINNING ENTRY

I suppose I am the only man living with sufficient effrontery to pose as a Socialist while possessing the wealth of a Capitalist. Not content with this I now propose to advise the intelligent woman on Capitalism and Socialism, subjects about which she either cares nothing at all or has made up her mind long ago. As a Trades Unionist who habitually works overtime and as a craftsman who is absurdly overpaid for doing what is perfectly easy to me, I do not expect to be listened to by the intelligent woman if she be a Labourite. It is true that I have written a play about one of the most intelligent women in history, and parts for most of the actresses of my time. But it is one thing to interpret Joan of Arc to the unthinking many or to write words for actresses and show them how to act, and quite another thing to address intelligent women on present-day problems. I have for so long been regarded as a buffoon that I hardly expect anything I say to be taken seriously even by the intelligent woman. Still, as a disciple of Samuel Butler, who proved that the Odyssey was written by a woman, and as an interpreter of Ibsen and Wagner, whose heroines are superior to mine or Shakespeare's, I venture to address myself to the intelligent woman, who, though she may be bored by my verbosity, may possibly be amused by what the ignorant call my originality, which is really the result of some reading and much self-assurance.

N. B.

## BACK NUMBERS—LXXIV

IT is not safe to blush in print for a predecessor: I did so here a little while ago, only to learn that the critic for whom I blushed was an eminent man of letters, an honoured friend of mine. But, despite the confusion into which I was thrown by the amiably malicious revelation of authorship he made to me, I will blush for the SATURDAY REVIEWER of 1906 who said of Dr. Richard Garnett, on that scholar's death, "he did not himself add any strikingly original work to English literature." That is exactly what Garnett did do. The amazing thing about him is that among a mass of work which is little more than erudite and in good taste he produced one of the most individual and startling books of his period, 'The Twilight of the Gods,' first published in the late 'eighties, revised and enlarged early in this century.

To call the book startling is not to say that it startled many people. Figures in some publisher's ledger may contradict me, but my impression is that the original issue was a failure, or only a success of esteem. The reissue, from the Bodley Head, if memory serves me, had a good deal of critical attention, but it seems not to have been noticed by the SATURDAY, and there have been few references to the book in the literary tittle-tattle of recent years. Books, it was said of old, have their fates: it is amusing to contrast the fate of Garnett's book with that of one, under a certain aspect comparable with it, which has enjoyed an enormous popularity, though without its special quality being at all generally appreciated.

How many people, I would ask before passing on to Garnett, have realized quite what Barham did in the immense, in its own way scholarly, buffoonery of 'The Ingoldsby Legends'? Barham owes much of his popularity to a Philistine element in him, to a hard, broad ridiculing of monastic life and of superstition. But, if we will but read him sensitively, he will soon, with all that jocosity, be found shivering in the midst of the game, uneasy at the echoes of his laughter in a room into which, primarily for his lonely amusement, he has summoned so many imps from the pit. They come at his mocking invitation, but he is by now not at all sure that they will merely make sport for him or that they will go at his bidding. There is a wild, perverse, intermittently working imagination in Barham, for those who will look beneath the broad fooling and the comically fashioned rhymes.

And in Garnett's book, which has no Philistine element for the comfort of the normal reader, there is among the buffoonery something sinister. Except that he believed in astrology, there does not appear to have been in that industrious and exceptionally capable librarian anything very peculiar; but a very queer and potent literary Hyde lurked somewhere in the helpful Jekyll of the British Museum Reading Room. In 'The Twilight of the Gods' that other Garnett had a holiday, utterly unlike anyone else's, and though the connoisseur of learned humour may delight in sharing it, the reader with nerves will find it almost as alarming as it is entertaining.

He wrote much else. There was some good verse, perhaps never quite attaining to poetry, but giving clear evidence of poetical feeling as well as of a sense

of style, with some really happy epigrams. There were critical and biographical books, full of learning and showing acumen, though occasionally disfigured by caprice, as when he promoted an early nineteenth-century poetaster to a place among poets on the strength of a single piece with a horrid metre. (But, after all, the critic of critics, Coleridge himself, took Pringle, the South African, for a poet.) There was a history of Italian literature of which good judges have spoken well. But, unless it be the little book on love, full of wisdom and imaginative tenderness and irony, the one quite original thing was 'The Twilight of the Gods'—an achievement as definite and personal as Mr. A. E. Housman's 'A Shropshire Lad.'

Faced with a problem like Garnett's, the critic is apt to lament that the pressure of official duties prevented him from producing more of his truly characteristic work. But, if there is anything to be learned from the history of literature, it is that, given reasonable length of days, writers are not kept by exterior difficulties from producing their best. Certainly, a case can be made out for the belief that Coleridge would have produced ten times as much great poetry as he did if he had lived permanently in the company of William and Dorothy Wordsworth. There, in that unsatisfied inner need, and not in the opium, is the secret of Coleridge's wasted years. And, if one knew everything about him, there would be found for Garnett an explanation into which the demands of librarianship did not enter. Or it would be found that he turned to his strange pastime with such zest precisely because it was so complete a relief from the sobriety of his official labours. For did not the India Office ("the style we prefer is the humdrum") give a little extra wildness to the humour of Charles Lamb, a sharper edge to the fantastic satire of Peacock?

After all, there was, with a passion for knowledge, a talent for avoiding success in Garnett's family. He was the son of a man of whom it was said: "It is a loss to mankind that Garnett has left so little behind him. He seems to have been the nearest approach England ever made to bringing forth a Mezzofanti, and he combined in himself qualities not often found in the same man. When his toilsome industry is amassing facts, he plods like a German; when his playful wit is unmasking quackery, he flashes like a Frenchman." The elder Richard Garnett, who was Cary's successor as Assistant Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, left as far as I know only a few essays and translations. The younger, copious enough, left for the discriminating only two books. It is natural to mourn the unwritten books of the former, though I for one will not pretend to be personally sore afflicted at the thought of unwritten works on philology; but why should we wail because all that was most personal and brilliant in the younger Garnett came to us in a small compass, highly concentrated?

Surely the writers over whom we must mourn are men like John Addington Symonds, men with remarkable personalities and many talents, always on the verge of achievement, never quite attaining to it. Garnett's vague but impressive reputation as scholar and librarian, as the man who read everything and forgot nothing, obscured his queer success as a creator and satirist, but time corrects such misconceptions as harmed him, and he will have his place in literature.

STET.

## REVIEWS

## A PLACEMAN'S DIARY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*The Diaries of Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie.* Edited by Francis Bickley. Constable. 2 vols. 42s.

THERE is one phrase in Sylvester Douglas's diary which sums up very accurately his value as a politician in his own day and as an historical witness in ours. "I called in Downing Street at eleven this morning, and sent in word that I had something to mention to Mr. Pitt. He saw me *almost immediately*." Douglas was, of course, after a job, as usual. This time it was because he "had conjectured that some temporary diplomatic mission might be found necessary during the winter to Russia, Berlin, or elsewhere in Europe" and he wished to tell the Prime Minister that he would be "very happy to accept of such a temporary employment, in any character which could be thought suitable to my station and qualities and with the preserving of my present footing at home." He added to Pitt, "Of my qualifications I would not pretend to judge, but I really felt (as I do) that I do not earn the money I receive from the public."

A placeman, but not one of the worst type—he really did desire to earn the money he received, if it could be done without prejudice to his "present footing." But also not one who was very successful or very highly esteemed. The words which I have italicized above fix his status very nearly. He was always calling on great personages in the hope of a job. He was useful enough, and well enough connected, to secure their attention. But they did not always receive him so promptly and when they did he thought the fact worth recording. The value of his diaries consists only to a relatively small extent in the light they throw on the political history of his time. He moved among great people, but they did not confide in him very copiously. His judgment was never trusted, as Greville's was. He was told for the most part what it was desired that he should repeat, and I do not think that, in matters of high politics, it would be safe to accept his word without corroboration. His historical value is as a type and he has a further value as an individual, because he reveals not only his individuality but also his typicality with so refreshing and garrulously graphic an innocence. Glenbervie makes very good desultory reading and provides, in addition, an excellent picture of the minor placeman of the period. He is not a great diarist, but he is a very good one.

Mr. Bickley's text is taken from eleven (out of thirteen) manuscript volumes which came recently into the possession of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. The other two were published, in selection, by Mr. Walter Sichel in 1910. It seems rather a pity that the periods covered by these two, part of 1793 and from October, 1811, to February, 1815, should not be represented here, but Glenbervie is not important enough to make the most captious critic exacting on this point. What is more to be deplored is that Mr. Bickley has not more thoroughly filled in the gaps in the biographical record. Glenbervie was decidedly an intermittent diarist and, altogether apart from these omissions, it is difficult to piece together a narrative of his career from what he himself tells us. Mr. Bickley does not even give us much information about his life prior to the beginning of the diaries. He does not, for example,

tell us when Douglas married the daughter of Lord North, though that was certainly a turning point in his life. Nor have I been able to discover at what moment Douglas became Lord Glenbervie in the peerage of Ireland. But it is only fair to say that the notes on the persons mentioned in the diary are full and helpful.

His marriage was indeed perhaps the most important thing that happened to Sylvester Douglas, for it is difficult to see what else could have entitled him even to the moderate degree of advancement which he did receive. His father was a small Scottish laird: he describes himself, in an autobiographical fragment, as "the only son of a gentleman with a landed, unencumbered income of a few hundreds a year." He began in medicine and then took to the law, where he was successful enough to take silk and become a Bencher of his Inn, but where he was never conspicuous. I conjecture that his marriage took place somewhere about 1790 and it was not long after that that he began to turn his eyes towards political preferment. He was certainly proud of having married a daughter of the Norths. There is a noticeable inflection of respect in all his references to "Lady Katherine" and afterwards to "Lady Glenbervie," and it is clear that she moved in society with more ease than he did. His first appointment to the Treasury was, in fact, made possible by a bargain which she concluded with her uncle, Brownlow North, Bishop of Winchester.

There is something touching in the fact that he begins to refer to her more familiarly during her last illness, when the shadow of her approaching death is already cast over him. This tone persists when she is dead, and I do not think one can deny complete sincerity to the grief which he frequently expresses. He mentions his increasing tendency to sleep after dinner and goes on:

This seems to be an approach to the comatose sleep of my dearest Kitty during the two or three months we passed at the Pheasantry, almost uniformly after dinner, and from which she generally awakened in a state of fearful agony and distress. O my Kitty, my Kitty, are you now conscious of what I am now writing? Of my painful, tender, almost despairing recollections which are now passing, which are daily passing, in the mind of your desolate husband, your widowed relict, your unpropped, uncounseled, unsoothed, unconsolated, unapproved husband, nay, unreprieved with that heavenly sweetness of natural temper and that gentleness and indulgence which your knowledge of my wayward humour and your affection for me with all my faults constantly softened, the most serious, the most earnest reproofs which you ever (and O, how seldom in the course of so many happy, happy years!) ever felt it a duty to speak or look, when the *molle tempus*, of which you had so unerring a tact, led you to think that representation, remonstrance, the clearest demonstration of consequences might correct in future that perhaps constitutional waywardness.

For precisely what faults she reproved him does not appear. It seems probable that he was not always faithful to her. The reader curious to know how Glenbervie took Napoleon's return from Elba will find that the diary leaves the terror of Europe marching on Grasse, which must argue him to be in great distress, since that town "cannot be a position of any consequence either in a political or military point of view." The rest of the Hundred Days goes unrecorded. Lord Glenbervie was otherwise employed during 1815, for we find on May 20 of that year the following discreet but significant entry: "My whole *séjour* at Genoa was principally occupied by a very singular episode in a life so far advanced as mine."

But I should think it likely her rebukes were provoked not by his infrequent infidelities but by more frequent failures to take proper advantages of the opportunities offered in a world which she understood much better than he did. She made him what he was and he was largely, if not completely, aware of it. But he was not, at the best, very much, and she must have had her moments of disappointment. One of the chief merits of this record is that it brings this charmingly reasonable domestic interior so vividly before us.

## A MEXICAN TRAGEDY

*Maximilian and Charlotte of Mexico.* By Egon Caesar Count Corti. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. Two volumes. Knopf. 50s.

IN the middle of the last century Mexico was nominally democratic, but the land was almost entirely owned by a few big landowners, of whom the biggest was the Church. In 1857 the democratic party carried a new constitution, which reduced the privileges of the clergy and compelled them to sell their estates. This led to civil war. The conservatives were led by a remarkable man named Miramon. The constitutional president was Benito Juarez, a pure-blooded Indian, educated, ambitious, filled with hatred of the oppressors of his country. In the course of the struggle Miramon seized £130,000 belonging to English landholders and borrowed money on exorbitant terms from a Swiss banker, Jecker. These two events caused European intervention. Juarez obtained recognition from England by promising to restore the money that had been seized, and he also promised to satisfy French claims. In 1861 he was elected president, and in July of the same year, the Mexican Congress decided to suspend all payments for two years.

The Civil War had just broken out in the United States and judging the moment opportune, France, Spain and England decided to intervene in Mexico. Six thousand men were landed. When the claims of the three powers were revealed it appeared that the French demanded three million pounds for Jecker in addition to making other large claims. It was pointed out that Jecker had lent only £160,000, and that he was not French but Swiss. So Jecker at once became a naturalized Frenchman and the French Government bought his bonds. This was a step towards getting a hold over the country in which Napoleon III intended to set up a monarchy. Behind the Mexican expedition was a scheme which Napoleon called the regeneration of the Latin world. He meant resistance to the domination of the American continent by the Anglo-Saxon race, and he was thinking of French trade with South America, which was large and growing rapidly.

A provisional government under French control was set up in Mexico, and in 1863 the Mexican assembly was ordered to proclaim a monarchy and to offer the crown to Napoleon's candidate, the Archduke Ferdinand and Maximilian, the brother of the Emperor of Austria. Maximilian was a man of disappointed ambition and Charlotte, his wife, admired and trusted Napoleon, and urged her husband to accept the offer, which had been made with the object of pleasing Austria. But Ferdinand refused unless the crown should be offered to him freely by the Mexican people. The French, therefore, arranged a "spontaneous" election, and though Maximilian was warned that it had been a mere farce, he succumbed to the temptation. France promised to "pacify" the country and to leave an armed force for several years. A loan was raised by which £300,000 went to pay the Archduke's debts. In return Maximilian undertook financial burdens which it was impossible for Mexico to meet.

Maximilian reached Mexico in June, 1864. He tried to conciliate the different parties, but he quarrelled with the Church and did not succeed in making friends with their opponents. The position was made worse by financial difficulties and financial incapacity. Juarez did not abandon the struggle and he could count on the sympathy of the United States. When the Civil War ended they pressed Napoleon to withdraw the French troops. When Prussia defeated Austria in seven weeks, Napoleon decided that the troops in Mexico should return to Europe. In Mexico war with the Republicans was still continuing, and when Maximilian heard Napoleon's decision, he foresaw what

would happen and thought of abdicating. His wife persuaded him to remain and herself went to Europe to persuade Napoleon not to withdraw the French troops and to persuade the Pope to bring about a reconciliation with the Mexican clergy. She failed in both attempts, and went out of her mind in despair. When Maximilian heard the news he started for Europe, but at the last moment he was persuaded to return. He thought France had sold his throne to the United States, and he was unwilling to be rescued by the French in these circumstances. Further, the Prussian minister advised him to remain, the clergy offered support on their own terms, and Miramon said he would fight for Maximilian. The end came early in 1867. The Republican army was victorious, Maximilian was captured, tried, and, in spite of the intercession of the American Government, shot. He was executed under a decree of January, 1862, to the effect that all who took up arms against the Republic should be put to death if captured. He was charged with responsibility for the continuance of civil war and for the deaths of thousands of Mexicans under a decree drawn up by himself in October, 1865. The substance of Maximilian's reply was that his motives were sincere. His last words were: "God save Mexico."

This is, in outline, the story which Count Corti has told in these two volumes, which are based on very thorough research in the Vienna National Archives, in the library of the family trust and elsewhere. It has an interest even beyond what appears on the surface, for if Maximilian had succeeded in his object of establishing himself and his dynasty in Mexico with French support the whole subsequent history of America would probably have been different. The southward movement of the influence of the United States would have been checked. The continent would have been cut in two.

## MIND IN BODY

*Common Principles in Psychology and Physiology.* By John T. Maccurdy. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

IT is said that there are still to be found notable men of science who hold that all the phenomena of life may be, and ultimately will be, classified, and their sequences explained, by a stern application of the methods and laws of physico-chemistry. But one may be sure that such an attitude—which Dr. Maccurdy assumes to be the general one—is nowadays rare among biologists, physicists and chemists alike. The revolt against the doctrine of vitalism, about the middle of the nineteenth century, led to the general acceptance by physiologists of a purely mechanical explanation of vital activities; and the amazing results of the whole-hearted application of chemical and physical methods which followed this change of attitude seemed to justify it. With the still further elaboration and perfecting of the technique of laboratory research, however, difficulties again became apparent; and facts and factors not fully explicable along these lines began to show themselves.

In all living organisms, including man, we find structure and movements of parts identical with those observed in "inorganic" phenomena. But, wherever there is life, there is present also an active tendency (not apparent in the inorganic world) to maintain normal mass, composition and structure, and to preserve the existence of the organism as a whole. Indeed, the subtle co-ordination of every part and every activity in the interest of the whole organism, as if they were imbued with a common purpose, is, perhaps, the most strange and significant fact in physiology. It is this tendency and this co-ordination which cease at the moment of death. Yet, the sciences

and methods of physics and chemistry—at any rate as they have been conceived until lately—remain fully applicable when life has departed; for no factor of which they can take notice has disappeared; though, needless to say, no chemist or physicist has ever been really deceived as to the sufficiency of his own science.

There are, as many physiologists have pointed out, running through vital phenomena, certain unknown factors not yet adequately explained on a mechanical basis. Many scientists believe that ultimately these factors will be found to come within the physico-chemical category, as it is now formulated; others believe that these factors are non-material, coming, according to the preconception of the observer, within the realm of theology or of psychology. Physics and chemistry are not concerned with the purpose of the actions and reactions which they study and classify; but the physiologist is compelled to consider nearly all his phenomena as purposive; that is to say, happening because of, and having relevance to, some end outside themselves. Dr. Maccurdy, as he would be the first to acknowledge, is by no means the originator of the theory that this non-materialistic factor in vital phenomena is, in kind, of a piece with what has been understood by the psyche or mind. If he and those who agree with him are right, this is merely to say that there is a psychological element as well as chemico-physical elements in all physiological processes, unconscious as well as conscious; and Dr. Maccurdy very modestly defines his book as an attempt to provide a terminology or vocabulary applicable equally to psychology and to the non-material elements in physiology.

When the author is stating his general principles, most readers will find themselves in agreement. But he is very unfortunate in his selection of figures and analogies to illustrate his meaning. And it is probable that an out-and-out "mechanicalist" in the field of physiology, or a "behaviourist" in the field of psychology, would enjoy driving his coach-and-four through supposition after supposition. Thus, for example, the chapter on "Images" is, by reason of its illustrations and examples, most unconvincing. That every organism is capable of being influenced in its reactions by past experience may be taken as proved. That these consequences of "memory" manifest themselves regardless of the presence of consciousness is also proved. Semon, who is one of the most illuminating of recent writers on this subject, believes that physico-chemical laws will ultimately be found adequate to explain the phenomena of memory, conscious and unconscious. He may be right or wrong in this assumption; but it is irrelevant to reply, as does Dr. Maccurdy, that "the idea of making a Shakespeare sonnet in a test tube is ludicrous," and that "it is not legitimate to expect a Rutherford to produce Mona Lisa or Sistine Madonnas in his laboratory." Surely Shakespeare's sonnets and the paintings of Da Vinci and Raphael involved the use of some other faculties beyond that of memory and reduplicated reaction. Such *non sequiturs*, a little too freely scattered through these pages to be other than significant, will certainly do much to lessen the persuasive value of a book in many ways sound, honest and truly interesting.

QUAERO

### THE A.B.C. OF H. G. W.

*The Open Conspiracy. Blue Prints for a World Revolution.* By H. G. Wells. Gollancz. 5s.

HERBERT SPENCER wrote a synthetic philosophy for the Victorian liberal, wrestling with the origins and obligations of mankind in volume after volume. Mr. Wells is engaged upon a Georgian

parallel, fired with the same energy and integrity of purpose and also with a spark of temper which shows him to be the artist in philosophy rather than the academician. Sometimes the passion of Mr. Wells turns to mere prickliness and petulance and his cosmic cartography is blemished with an angry gesture. But the reader, who may have been bored with too much Clissold and too much of that gentleman's drabbing, must take the rough with the smooth. It is almost impossible nowadays to be Wellsian to the last sentence or the last sketch of a new world. There is too much of the man and his views are as full of vicissitude as of vitality. But the greatness remains undeniable. Nobody else could have done his work and he may yet do more than he has ever done.

'The Open Conspiracy' is not important except as a readable summary of past conclusions and a hint of great achievement to come. Those who know anything of Mr. Wells must know his doctrine of unification by cosmopolitan creed and practice, his dislike of feuds and symbols, and his zeal for a world republic established without flags and fuss and run without the romanticism either of a twopence-coloured throne or of a slogan-ridden democracy. Here that faith is restated and an appeal is made for disciples who will join in an open and constructive conspiracy for the release of the world from its present divisions and apprehensions and acquisitive ambitions. It is all very indefinite. The Open Conspirator does not commit himself narrowly, but he must be anti-nationalist and he must not fritter away his activities on false issues of class-war. He will learn political passion from Russian or Italian instead of maintaining his English apathy, but the fervour will be applied to far wider ideals than Communist or Fascist can envisage, since he aims at a world-community of tolerant, co-operative men and women, who accept cosmic controls as the inevitable condition of an orderly human society. In this little book Mr. Wells states a general creed. It is the companion of far larger and more particular matters, like the 'Outline of History,' already written, and 'The Science of Life' and 'The Conquest of Power,' which are yet to come. So the synthetic philosophy expands and here is a primer of the first and last things from which the expansion moves outward.

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## THE GENIUS OF EMILY BRONTË

*All Alone.* By Romer Wilson. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

THERE was every reason why Miss Romer Wilson should write a biography of Emily Brontë. If ever a writer understood genius it is the author of 'Martin Schuler.' If ever genius was bitterly in need of understanding it was that of Emily Brontë. But it is not only of genius in general but of this genius in particular that Miss Wilson possesses the secret by birth, by association, and, it would seem from this book, by some dark instinct shared with Emily. As to birth and association Miss Wilson is, it seems, native in those cruel, crawling uplands behind and beyond Haworth. She knows that small abominable desert haunted by grouse, the wind and untameable shadow. She knows by birth something of the life in Keighley, Shipley and Bradford, those formidable frontier-towns on the edge of the waste. Within their streets, as in a walled city, an active concentrated life moves without looking round or up. But the moors, like a besieging army, wait patiently in ugly expectation at the gates.

It is in that scene and in those circumstances that Miss Wilson has come upon the genius of Emily Brontë. And, when it is complained that the explanations are fantastic, let the reader remember how often (perhaps only half-consciously) Miss Wilson is describing her own emotions, and her own experience. At times the approximation between the subject and her biographer is almost frightening. It is almost as though Emily were speaking in a harsh muffled voice through alien lips, or as if Miss Wilson were in turn giving lodging to Emily as her Dark Hero.

The explanation of Emily in brief is of possession by the Everlasting No, by the spirit in love with chaos, because it has looked on God and fallen not from but with Him. What evidence anywhere, ask the critical, does Miss Wilson adduce of this dark mystery? Let it be granted, they say, that Emily was fierce, and passionate, and lonely. Let us admit the malign influence of the moor. Let us agree that a family in which the father shot off pistols, the brother died of dope and drink, and at least two sisters had genius, was not likely to make for tranquillity. But, it is fair to ask, are not all these circumstances in themselves a sufficient explanation of Emily without dragging in a factor half-myth and half-madness? The evidence from the poems, and from the unpublished family fantasias, argues only, these say, that Emily was introspective, and a prey to something very like melancholia. Is that surprising, and is it not the obvious clue to her work?

Miss Wilson has written an unforgettable book. It is a book roughly, sometimes even crudely, written. The style is at times as ragged as the moors, as violent as Emily's passion. But it is emphatically a book in which two writers have collaborated—Emily and Miss Wilson. It is for that reason, as I have said, frightening. You will observe not only that Miss Wilson does not always clearly distinguish between herself and Emily, but you will observe that she writes as one of the Brontë family. Her hatred of Charlotte is a hatred which could only have been experienced by a person who had lived with her. It is not the expression of an outsider's feelings. It is the calculated anger of one who has had to endure her managing ways through a lifetime. Steadily Miss Wilson underlines the intrusions of Charlotte upon the inner life of Emily. The final condemnation follows on hints as slow and irregular as the growth of a family discord. Slow and irregular because this

is a family discord not between Charlotte and Emily, but between Charlotte and Emily plus Miss Wilson. Listen to what Miss Wilson says of Charlotte's action in dragging Emily's poems out of their secret hiding-place, and not merely forcing their publication, but actually editing them. "I hate," says Miss Wilson, "to write the rest of this book in which Charlotte's love began to dawn too late. Very difficult it is to write of the inner things of life, to write of love that is come too late, that is born of a discovery which stinks of betrayal, for Charlotte got past Emily's reserve by something very much akin to treachery." "I hate to write the rest of this book" and "stinks of betrayal"—these are odd phrases in the mouth of a biographer. There is indeed scarcely a pretence that this is Miss Wilson speaking. It is Emily that speaks, the Emily that wrote:

O stars, and dreams, and gentle night,  
O night and stars, return.  
And hide me from the hostile light  
That does not warm, but burn.

In the same uncanny way Miss Wilson threads her way through the "Gondel" literature (the strange secret literature of the Brontë family), and seems to have access to the documents which were in fact destroyed. In the same way she gets inside the skin of Heathcliffe, and cries, almost in a frenzy, that in 'Wuthering Heights' Emily committed suicide—of her body and of her soul.

All this is strange. To many it will seem a wild romance in the Brontë manner rather than a biography. Even as that it is memorable. But to some it will seem something more, and they will find it difficult to admit even to themselves how actual it is. But they will at least confess that here is a book of biography like no other.

HUMBERT WOLFE

## A1 AT LLOYD'S

*A History of Lloyd's.* By Charles Wright and C. Ernest Fayle. Macmillan. 25s.

IT is about sixty years since Violet Ellingham found it necessary to explain to Lady Baldock that A1 was not a nobleman nor even a policeman, but a ship—"a ship that is very good." The modern young woman would hardly expect even an aunt to be so ignorant—or to accuse her of using "most improper language" for calling a young man A1. Probably there is no expression in the special and intricate terminology of commerce that has become so thoroughly a household word as "A1 at Lloyd's." It is interesting to learn from the historians of Lloyd's that this expression was originated, after some trials of other methods, in the third extant Register of Shipping, dated 1775-76. In the first register the state of a vessel's hull was indicated by the use of one of the vowels, A, E, I, O and U, while the state of the equipment was indicated by the letters G, M or B—good, middling or bad. Probably owners of the inferior classes of ships objected to this blunt denunciation, since the letters A, B and C were speedily introduced for hulls and the numerals I to IV for equipment. In the third register A, B and C were used with the numerals, "thus giving, for the first time, the world-famous symbol A1 to describe a ship in the highest class both for build and equipment."

Mr. Wright and Mr. Fayle are certainly entitled to claim the grade of A1 for the result of the minute and laborious investigation which they have made into the history of Lloyd's. The hull is handsome and solid, and the equipment of photographs and facsimiles is marked by that distinction which

the reading world has long associated with the name of Mr. Emery Walker. The Committee of Lloyd's, who desired to have an authoritative history of their world-famous institution, published contemporaneously with the opening of their great new building on the site of the old East India House, gave the authors unrestricted access to the whole of their records. Only those who have attempted to do similar work can fully appreciate the amount of minute research which has gone to the making of this volume, for the extensive records of Lloyd's form only a small part of the material which the authors have expiscated. As an example we may note the definitive explanation of the mysterious letters "S. G." which appear at the head of a Lloyd's policy. These have been variously explained as standing for "Salutis Gratia," "Salva Guardia," "Sterling Gold," "Security Guaranteed," and so forth. Reference to an Act passed in 1795 (35 Geo. III, c. 63) has now enabled the authors to show conclusively that the true explanation is the eminently sensible one of "Ship and Goods." Under that Act three separate forms of policy were authorized, one on ship only, one on goods only, and one on ship and goods. The last, as the most general form, soon superseded both the others, but the facts had been so completely forgotten as to permit of very wild guesses by very eminent people.

A great part of this history must, of course, be of a highly technical nature, and can hardly appeal to many readers outside the field of marine insurance. The early chapters, however, dealing with the history of Edward Lloyd's original Coffee House and the vicissitudes of similar institutions in the London of Pepys and Addison, may be read with interest and amusement by the most frivolous members of the underwriters' families. The narrative of Lloyd's activities during the Napoleonic wars is full of human interest. And the authors occasionally give us such an admirable portrait as this of "Dicky" Thornton, "good for three millions, who sailed and fought his own ship to Memel for a cargo of hemp; dazzled the City by the extent and daring of his speculations in tallow and foreign loans; and in later days was wont to stand with his back to the fire in the Subscribers' Room, offering all newly married members to lay a hundred to one against the contingency of twins." What a man!

### THE INDEFENSIBLE

*Fouché: the Man Napoleon Feared.* By Nils Forssell. Translated by Anna Barwell. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

IT would have been impossible, no doubt, to offer any serious defence of Joseph Fouché; and Mr. Nils Forssell has made no attempt to take that simple view of his brief. He will do his best for his client, he will urge extenuating circumstances if he can find any, but to plead not guilty would merely be to warn the judge and jury that the defence was not a serious one. Torquemada was as cruel as Fouché; but we cannot imagine him betraying the Inquisition and secretly offering his services to the Calvinists at Geneva instead. Yet Napoleon's Minister of Police, when, in the nineteenth century, he employed the thumb-screw as a means of extracting evidence from Royalist prisoners, was himself in treacherous correspondence with their exiled leaders. Talleyrand was as subtle as Fouché, and almost as ready in emergencies to turn his coat. But Talleyrand was also a patriot and a great man, and Fouché was neither.

It may be said that Fouché's police methods were copied from those of the *ancien régime*. They were none the less abominable on that account. He was

the first European statesman to organize espionage on the grand scale. He had spies everywhere. "When three are met together," he is reported to have said, "I have always one listening." As Mr. Forssell remarks, "The period which in the eyes of posterity has left to its honour a lasting monument of legislation in the *Code Napoléon*," was also a period in which torture was being employed as an instrument of justice—and that within a few hundred yards of the very room in which the *Code* was being drawn up!

There is really no need to explain Fouché. He was consistent only in his treachery. It is obvious that he spent his whole life trying to guess which way the cat was going to jump—and generally guessing right. He, who before the Revolution had been an earnest Oratorian, was later noted for his persecution of the church. At the trial of Louis XVI he spent many hours preparing an elaborate speech in the king's defence, but when it came to his turn to vote and his pale face appeared in the tribune, he had only two words to say—"La mort!" He went down to Lyons with the infamous Collot d'Herbois and there assisted at the massacre of no less than 1,667 unfortunate "aristocrats." He also paraded a donkey through the town, dressed up in cope and mitre, with a crucifix and bible tied to its tail. Yet, as Mr. Forssell points out, he seems to have made no money out of all the arrests and confiscations at Lyons—surely a golden opportunity, which few other Jacobins would have missed—for after the execution of Robespierre, which he had helped to bring about, he was penniless. According to Barras he tried to earn a living by rearing pigs. Then came Napoleon and the "whiff of grape-shot." Fouché emerged from obscurity, chose the winning side once more, and was made Minister of Police. His career had begun. Henceforward, until the final quarrel with his master, we find his

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lanky, sinister figure always lurking in the background, behind the meretricious splendour of Napoleon's court. He has set up a censorship of literature now, and is blue-pencilling the works of Racine instead of feeding pigs. Ridiculous, of course—but not his espionage: that was the work of a master, and remains unequalled—except, perhaps, in modern Russia, where Fouché would have found many things to his taste.

Mr. Forssell's book was first published in Sweden three years ago, and has now been revised and enlarged and translated into not very fluent English. It gives, however, a remarkably clear portrait of this singularly unattractive figure. And without seeking to exaggerate his abilities or ascribe to him a greatness of character which he did not possess, Mr. Forssell forces us to acknowledge the enormous historical importance of the underground work which Fouché did at the Ministry of Police under Napoleon.

### THE HAPPY "MIDDLE"-MAN

*Apes and Angels.* A Book of Essays. By J. B. Priestley. Methuen. 5s.

HOW much we heard ten years ago about the new world after the war! The young were to do everything so much better than it had been done before. But it has not turned out that way. In the arts they have tended to run away from life up queer paths of fancy or to bury their heads in the eighteenth century. Others, facing the world more resolutely, have become stark or bitter. The stage has been watered by a cynical trickle and twice flooded by Mr. O'Casey's torrent of laughing pessimism. Elsewhere we have the sad humours of Mr. Huxley and the cult of the disdainful biography. Almost alone of the new men Mr. Priestley looks at life and remains genial. His geniality is warmer and wider than a literary gusto: you never feel that he only begins to enjoy a thing when he has found the right phrase for it. He looks out of an Oxfordshire window or wanders off to Coketown by way of Stratford-on-Avon and he likes what he sees. But he does not make a song about it; the song is there already and his art is to elicit the melody so that nothing may die with all its music in its heart.

This combination of the swift eye with the level-headed geniality is well known to readers of this REVIEW, who will be glad to have in compact and permanent form a bundle of these SATURDAY "middles." Mr. Priestley never allows his humorous appraisal of things to become mere heartiness. He is as far from So-ho-ho-ho and a bottle of chianti on the one side as he is from the Pope-and-pewter bellowings of a modern medievalist on the other. All amusement does not end for him when the suburb is reached, nor has beauty died with the Reformation. "I like the wireless; it has made life even more fantastic and ridiculous than it was before." That is one side of Mr. Priestley's talent for enjoyment. He can go to Shropshire and "switch on" some absurd bore in London and then switch him off. He can then move to Stratford and see at a glance all that is authentically Shakespeare's—the Knott Garden. A week later he is talking about one of the most exciting and personal subjects of the world—which the politicians have turned into the dullest—namely, housing. Then you see more clearly than ever that Mr. Priestley is not just one of those smart young essayists with a trick of language ready for everything; he is made angry by stupidity and injustice. He looks at the world and does not disdain to be a reformer as though that were some musty, Victorian survival.

### NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

- The Peacemakers.* By Alice Ritchie. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.  
*Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard.* By Elinor Wylie. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.  
*The House with the Echo.* By T. F. Powys. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.  
*Under the Yew.* By Robert Nichols. Secker. 5s.  
*The Dancing God.* By Sir Henry Sharp. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.

LIKE the majority of novels published by the Hogarth Press, 'The Peacemakers' is a very able book. It describes the life of a foreign colony in Geneva—a group of people occupying positions of varying importance in the personnel of the League of Nations. They are of all nationalities; some single, like the heroine, Caroline; some with mistresses, like the refugee Russian general; some respectably married, like the Slazengers. Miss Alice Ritchie has an extraordinary gift for suggesting the content of each separate life and the effect of all the lives linked together by a bond the exact nature of which has no parallel elsewhere, though some of its characteristics are to be found in schools, offices and institutions. The characters are interested in, in love with and exasperated by each other; they give dinner-parties, they plan to do away with themselves, they embrace each other, they die. They go through the motions of living, motions agitated by the hysteria which troubles all the modern world. They are rendered slightly impotent and unreal by the seeming unreality and impotence of the enterprise in which they are engaged.

Miss Ritchie, like the persons of whom she writes, is more aware of distinctions and differences than of similarities and congruities; her characters seem more real when following their own bents and getting on each other's nerves than when lending a helping hand and marching in double harness. Thus the love-affair between Humphrey and Caroline, though it lacks nothing in subtlety, is not, as the record of two emotions beginning apart and gradually coalescing, entirely convincing. Not that Miss Ritchie is incapable of conveying emotion. Caroline's visit to the dying general and the message he sends after her ("He says he hopes he has not forgotten how to talk to a beautiful young girl") would draw tears from a stone. And how brilliantly Miss Ritchie suggests an impression in the fewest possible words!

Captain Downes dated as a dress dates. . . . Whatever he wore he seemed to be dressed in khaki, neat and well cut but worn, with mud on his high boots. He gave the impression of being at once spruce and shabby, at once dead-tired and enormously energetic, a soldier, one of the B.E.F.

And the portrait of Miss Chisholm:

The basic idea of her coat and skirt was English, but the looseness and tightness came in the correct French places, her hair was parcelled over her forehead and her ears with more than English neatness. . . . The whole effect was rather delightful, and might have been labelled "Souvenir de Beckenham" in a show of French models.

'The Peacemakers' is a delightful book, and Miss Ritchie deserves a word of special praise for Caroline, so perceptive, intelligent and ironical, so little tiresome or superior. But Miss Ritchie should not have made her beautiful as well: that is too much.

'Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard' is a disappointment. Miss Wylie shows, as she always has shown, a certain formidable fixity of intention: she gives the impression that she is after something, some æsthetic

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prize, and means to have it. In her earlier books, particularly in 'Jennifer Lorn,' the underlying "Fee-fum" of her thought was definitely accompanied, and provoked, though not perhaps satiated, by the smell of blood: the tone was not more sinister than the subject and the events. She managed to give the impression not only that Life was a beast waiting to spring, but that it would spring and did spring. In 'Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard' she has so abstracted herself from life that the beast has become a dummy: its ferocity is like summer lightning that never for a moment takes us in. From her preoccupation with Shelley Miss Wylie has turned to the Shelleyan aftermath: she invents a composite character, a Mr. Hazard, who sums up the characters and characteristics of the post-Shelley epoch, inoculates him with intermittent influenza and (apparently) chronic madness, and circles round and round him, letting fly darts, always polished and sometimes witty, against the circumambient Philistines, of whom Mr. Hodge is chief. The book is full of strange fancies, sometimes happy, nearly always far-fetched:

Hazard's eyes disconcerted her; they were too bright for a domestic breakfast table. Annamaria knew that if she were to take the pretty Sheffield salt-cellar and fling its contents upon the fire, the variable flames would be tortured for a fleeting instant into the colour of Hazard's eyes.

It is full, also, of apparent *non sequiturs*, a most dangerous literary device. The mind tires of providing bridges for the wilful lacunæ of Miss Wylie's thought. The passion and poetry and cleverness of 'Mr. Hazard and Mr. Hodge' are buried so deep beneath mere elaboration and ingenuity that one can scarcely see them.

Those to whom the singular flavour of Mr. T. F. Powys's work is familiar will find everything they expect in the twenty-six short stories that make up 'The House with the Echo.' The same whimsical, ironical humour that spends itself so lavishly over smaller matters still withholds its healing touch from greater ones. And as usual Mr. Powys's imagination is always capable of taking fire, and of lighting up his pages with flashes of sombre beauty. Perhaps 'The House with the Echo' shows a new departure from Mr. Powys's previous work in that his humanitarianism, once latent, has now risen to the top: every page testifies to his pity for the poor. He is indeed one of the most sentimental of modern novelists; but those who dislike the colour of his sentimentality take him for a satirist or a realist, at any rate a vilifier of the English countryside.

'Under the Yew' is, as its sub-title 'The Gambler Transformed' suggests, a tale with a moral. Mr. Robert Nichols is as little ashamed of the moral as were writers of "improving" stories in the nine-

teenth century, writers whose prose style, also, bears some resemblance to his. But turgid and over-luxuriant as is his style sometimes, one cannot deny it beauty; and the anecdote (it is hardly more) that he tells, though strained and over-written and even sometimes absurd, has its impressiveness. Mr. Nichols is never cautious, never afraid to let himself go; he is a supremely confident writer; he never fails to carry himself away and as often as not he carries the reader with him. The climax of the story, where the ruined gambler is soul-struck to find he cannot relieve the want of the beggars, is wholly convincing. Reading Mr. Nichols's pages one feels a breath of the creative spirit, mindless of itself, that animated the great writers of the last century.

'The Moonstone' has had many successors, among which 'The Dancing God' seemed at first likely to rank high: but it tails off sadly. Sir Henry Sharp tries to get the best of two worlds, the criminal and the supernatural, or at least to unite their effects; but he fails. The characters are amusingly drawn, but in his jungle there are too many scents to follow, and they grow cold.

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We all came on with blue chins. I never heard exactly what happened, but I believe her manager came round from the front of the house and told her she appeared to be surrounded by burglars, and that she had turned a drawing-room comedy into a crook play. Anyhow, we were told that we needn't do it any more.

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MR. HENLEY, the old Oxford and Middlesex cricketer, has written a simple, clear, and well-illustrated book for the schoolboy as batsman, bowler, and fielder. He keeps very closely to the technical point, and does not waste time and space on the usual ethical vapourings about the glorious summer game. The photographs are well chosen and well related to the text. Mr. Abrahams has collected all the talents of the field-sport world, and his contributors include Lord Burghley, Messrs. D. G. A. Lowe, F. R. Gaby, B. Howard Baker and M. C. Nokes. The book has been prepared so that it should be useful both to novices and to those who have large and even Olympian ambitions. All the fine points of individual running and team-work are fully considered and the niceties of "cornering" and "baton-changing" discussed. The illustrations are well applied to instruction in hurdling, jumping, and weight-throwing. The athletic side of the school library will need both these books, which are very reasonably priced.

**The Trouble Factory.** A Play in Four Acts. By Eric Blom. Benn. 3s. 6d.

MR. BLOM'S position as a musical critic enables him to find a subject that is fresh, and he brings to it an indignation that is just. His theme is the relentless fee-hunting by teachers of singing, who not only make grand professions of their own qualifications, but play up to the vanity of their pupils, and more particularly of the pupils' parents. Thus a constant stream of students is maintained and encouraged; the disenchantment comes later and the suffering is endured by the disillusioned pupil while "Madame" is busily engaged in flattering more unwise and wealthy young people with promises of grand successes to come. "Those who can, do," wrote G. B. S. "Those who cannot, teach." Mr. Blom expands the epigram with knowledge and with a genuine eagerness to remedy the abuses of such trouble-factories as "Madame" and her kind create. His play would have been more effective if it had been more concentrated. Three acts are usually preferable to four unless the content is so large and so divided that a fourth compartment is inevitable. Mr. Blom has repeated his indictment a little, and we are kept waiting too long for his fourth (and best) act. His dialogue has style, but might be crisper. It would be interesting to see this play acted, and the performance should be invaluable to those who dream of musical careers.

**Twentieth-Century Literature.** By A. C. Ward. Methuen. 5s.

MR. WARD, who is the deputy principal of the City Literary Institute, has written an account of the novelists, dramatists, poets, essayists, and biographers of the twentieth century, which packs a great deal of useful information into a small space. Readers who are quite unacquainted with the subject will learn and profit much from these pages; others will be quick to detect blind spots in the author. His remarks about Mrs. Woolf, for example, are painfully inadequate; he appears to prefer the earlier to the later poetry of Mr. Yeats; he finds in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's brilliantly funny verses addressed to F. E. Smith (now Lord Birkenhead) "an absurdly ponderous air of humourless inflation"; of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's lyrical poems it contents him to say that a few "are already firmly placed in the anthologies"; he prefers the essays of Mr. A. G. Gardiner to those of Mr. Robert Lynd; and Mr. George Moore, with his masterpiece 'The Brook Kerith,' receives nothing beyond bare mention in a footnote. As a rough and ready guide, however, the book should prove useful to many; and its bibliographical matter makes it decidedly more entertaining than the ordinary text-book for students.

#### Company Meeting

### TAVOY TIN DREDGING CORPORATION

CAPITAL MORE THAN RETURNED IN DIVIDEND  
IMPORTANT HOLDINGS IN SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES  
ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS

THE FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Tavoy Tin Dredging Corporation, Ltd., was held on Thursday last at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Sir William D. Henry, C.I.E., Chairman, who presided, referred to the agreement entered into which provided the Corporation with the services in London of the Anglo-Oriental Corporation, and in the East of Anglo-Oriental Malaya, Ltd. The Corporation was fortunate in having been able to conclude those far-reaching arrangements.

During the year under review the Corporation's engineers had been unfortunately confronted with many difficult problems, but despite those misfortunes the Board were able to present an even better and more liquid balance-sheet than in any previous year, and to increase the rate of dividend. The segregation of their principal Heinze basin areas had assured to that very important enterprise the provision of adequate capital without imposing any strain on the Corporation's own accumulated reserves. Each shareholder had had an opportunity of taking a direct interest in Northern Tavoy, but the Corporation was still the largest shareholder therein, and the Board were confident that there would be derived a handsome revenue from that participation. Both dredges should be in full production next year, and would embody all the improvements which had revolutionized the mechanics of dredge building during the past year or two.

If the shareholders approved the final dividend of 5d. per share recommended there would have been distributed for the four years 1924 to 1927 no less than 111 per cent. free of Income Tax, or practically 140 per cent. gross. That was by no means the whole story. Very large sums had been set aside to strengthen the balance-sheet, aggregating more than £188,000, of 75 per cent. of the capital. The result was that the properties and other fixed assets were costing them nothing to-day. Those very encouraging figures indicated that the actual net profit earned during four years exceeded half a million sterling, and it only remained for him to express the hope that they would improve even upon this satisfactory performance during the succeeding years.

It was interesting to note from the profit and loss account that the net profit on investments amounted to £73,693. The final net profit balance of £138,811 for the year was more than £50,000 higher than the three years' average.

The most noteworthy feature of the balance-sheet was the pleasing fact that the valuation of investments, at cost, in itself exceeded the capital of the Corporation. The investments consisted as to £102,000 of gilt-edged securities, and as to £154,000 of shares in associated companies. Of the latter sum £120,000 represented the cost of the holdings in the Northern Tavoy and Kampar Malaya Tin Dredging Companies—investments valued by the market to-day at a very much higher figure.

At Theindaw most of the initial difficulties appeared to have been overcome; the dredge had won a fair quantity of tin not included in the reserves, and had already proved a credit to their Superintendent and to the efficiency of the workshops at Taung-Thon-Lon. Recent cabled advices indicated that the immediate outlook was entirely favourable. The Thingandon dredge, a British-built plant specially designed for her particular job, had reached her destination and was in course of erection. As to the Kampar-Malaya Company, this owned one of the most valuable properties in the world-famed Kinta Valley, and was, the Board were firmly convinced, assured of a prosperous career.

The net liquid assets at December 31 last were £340,000, or £90,000 in excess of their capital. In addition, the dredges, costing not much less than £100,000, figured in the balance-sheet at £50,000, while buildings, etc., stood at only £5,000, and plant, machinery, etc., at a like sum. Finally, the Corporation possessed leases and licenses now valued at some £28,700, which still represented many thousands of tons of tin oxide, and constituted by far their most valuable asset.

With regard to prospects at Taung-Thon-Lon, the No. 1 dredge had not yet emerged into the flats which happily constituted the greater portion of her area, and, as conditions were slowly improving, they looked forward to much better returns in the second half of this year. No. 2 dredge, despite countless handicaps, had recovered nine tons more than her average, and had a very long life before her; No. 3 dredge had just completed work on one of the smaller leases, and was about to proceed to the new block, where a long and, it was hoped, a very prosperous career awaited her.

As to the tin situation generally, the obvious explanation in the face of the reassuring statistics was to be found in the fact that producers had no say in regard to the price or time at which their product was sold, owing to the continuance of an obsolete selling system. A remedy would, he was convinced, be found in consolidation and a readjustment of the present selling arrangements. In that connection he was glad to say that hopes expressed of the better co-ordination of the producing interests in the British Empire was beginning to meet with fulfilment.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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## REALISM

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Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review. Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

## ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

- RECONSIDERATIONS. By E. E. Kellett. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.  
THE LOOKING-GLASS OF LAMBETH. By The Unknown Layman. Allan. 5s.  
THE PRAYER BOOK CRISIS. By The Right Honourable Sir William Joynson-Hicks. Putnam. 2s. 6d. (May 30.)

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- THE LETTERS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI TO HIS PUBLISHER, F. S. ELLIS. Edited by Oswald Doughty. The Scholaris Press. 15s.  
GREAT BRITAIN FROM ADAM SMITH TO THE PRESENT DAY. By C. R. Fay. Longmans. 12s. 6d.  
THE ARTISTS OF THE 1890'S. By John Rothenstein. Routledge. 10s. 6d.  
JANE WELSH AND JANE CARLYLE. By Elizabeth Drew. Cape. 7s. 6d.  
THE TRIAL OF THE DETECTIVES. Edited by George Dilnot. Bles. 10s. 6d.  
JOHNSONIAN GLEANINGS. By Aleyn Lyell Reade. Part V. THE DOCTOR'S LIFE 1728-1736. Published by the Author. Price to subscribers before issue, 21s.  
STUDIES OF YESTERDAY. By A Privy Councillor. Allan. 8s. 6d.  
MEMORIES OF LAND AND SKY. By Gertrude Bacon. Methuen. 7s. 6d.  
THE HISTORY OF MUSIC. By Cecil Gray. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. (May 30.)  
ALBERT SCHWEITZER. Compiled by C. T. Champion. Black. 1s. 6d.

## VERSE

- THE EARTH FOR SALE. By Harold Monro. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. Limited Edition signed by the author, 15s.  
THE PILGRIM SHADOW. By Joseph Braddock. Duckworth. 6s.  
POEMS. By S. R. Lysaght. Macmillan. 5s.  
GIT LE COEUR. By Lord Lymington. Paris: Editions Narcisse. Privately printed.  
THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE. By Warren Retlaw. Published by the Author.

## FICTION

- FAREWELL TO YOUTH. By Storm Jameson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.  
THE UNHOLY THREE. By Tod Robbins. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. (May 31.)  
THE INSTRUMENT OF DESTINY. By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 7s. 6d.  
THE SLIP-CARRIAGE MYSTERY. By Lynn Brock. Collins. 7s. 6d.  
LIP-SERVICE. By Louis Joseph Vance. Bles. 7s. 6d.  
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KENYA CALLING. By Nora K. Strange. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.  
CLAUDIA DECIDES. By Prudence Cadey. Constable. 7s. 6d. (June 14.)  
THE NARROWING LUST. By Gregory Baxter. Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.  
PAS DE QUATRE. By Basil Creighton. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.  
THE SABBATH OF UNBELIEF. By Malcolm Campbell. Wishart. 7s. 6d.  
SOLO. By George A. Greenwood. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

## SOCIOLOGY AND THE SCIENCES

- ASTRONOMY AND COSMOGONY. By J. H. Jeans. Cambridge University Press. 31s. 6d.  
THE MYTHOLOGY OF REPARATIONS. By Robert Crozier Long. Duckworth. 6s.  
THE LAW OF NATIONS. By J. L. Brierly. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 5s.  
SCIENCE AND ETHICS. By J. B. S. Haldane. Watts. 2s. (June 1.)  
RELATIVITY IN BUSINESS MORALS. By Henry M. Robinson. New York: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.00.

## MISCELLANEOUS

- THE CHURCH PLATE OF OXFORDSHIRE. By John Thomas Evans. Oxford: The Alden Press. 21s.  
SAUNTERINGS IN LONDON. By Leopold Wagner. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.  
THE UNITARIANS. By Henry Gow. Methuen. 5s.  
CHRISTIANITY AND THE CHURCH MYSTICAL. By George Edward Turner. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell. 4s. 6d.  
HOW TO KEEP YOUNG. By Edwin Wooton. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.  
THE EASY GARDENING BOOK. By E. T. Brown. Stanley Paul. 2s. 6d.  
THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK, 1928. Edited by M. Epstein. Macmillan. 20s.

## LITERARY NOTES

WHEN Mr. Compton Mackenzie's novel *Vestal Fire* appeared a few months ago, it was received enthusiastically by the critics (Signor Mussolini held different views, and banned *Vestal Fire* from Italy), Messrs. Cassell now announce that they will publish on June 7 another novel by Mr. Mackenzie, *Extremes Meet*.

Messrs. Cassell are also publishing on May 31 *The Life of General Lord Rawlinson*, which the author, Sir Frederick Maurice, has written almost entirely round the late General's journals and letters. Lord Rawlinson upon the outbreak of the war had seen more active service than most of his contemporaries, and this book ought to be an interesting record of war through the last forty years.

Messrs. Cassell will publish on June 14 *The Key of Content*, by R. Scotland Liddell, which deals with the same subject as his previous novel, *The Gilded Sign*—Scottish village life.

Messrs. Methuen have a reputation as the publishers of travel books. Three of the books that they announce for publication in the near future are of this kind. One is of a type which is growing more popular each year—a book about motoring in England. Its title is the *Call of England*, by Mr. H. V. Morton. The other books are: *The Man before the Mast* and *The Road to France*. The first of these, by G. Sorrell, is an account of a sailor's life and travels between the years 1860 and 1880. The second, a collection of the notes of "Two Twentieth-century Highwaymen between London and Dover," and is by Mr. Gordon Maxwell and contains sixty-nine illustrations by his brother, Mr. Donald Maxwell.

It was surprising, after the success of *The Young Visitors*, that the book market was not flooded with nursery novelettes. We think we are correct in saying that *Pax the Adventurous Horse* is the first production of this kind since Miss Ashford's work. This book was written by Miss Muriel Hodder when she was eleven years old, and contains a most enthusiastic preface by Mr. Edward Garnett, who says, "Hundreds of thousands of children flower each decade, but only one *Pax* has arrived." Messrs. Faber and Gwyer are the publishers of this book, which will appear shortly.

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The R.A.C. has in hand the arrangements for car parking at all the principal forthcoming race meetings and other outdoor events, and has issued a folder giving the dates of these events and the addresses


to which applications should be made for advance reservations when available. Copies of this folder can be obtained free of charge on application to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. Special offices will be opened at No. 23 St. James's Square, S.W.1, in connexion with Ascot and Goodwood, between the following dates: Ascot, May 29 to June 16; Goodwood, July 9 to July 28.

The experience of an R.A.C. member serves as a useful reminder that the purchase of a secondhand car is often beset with pitfalls. The member bought a secondhand car of popular make, and speedily had every cause to be dissatisfied with it; in addition to being in poor running order, its age and history had been seriously misrepresented. The matter was placed in the hands of the R.A.C., who, after examining the car and verifying the facts, were able to compel the vendor to accept the return of the car and refund the purchase price. The vendor also made an allowance of £5 towards the member's out-of-pocket expenses.

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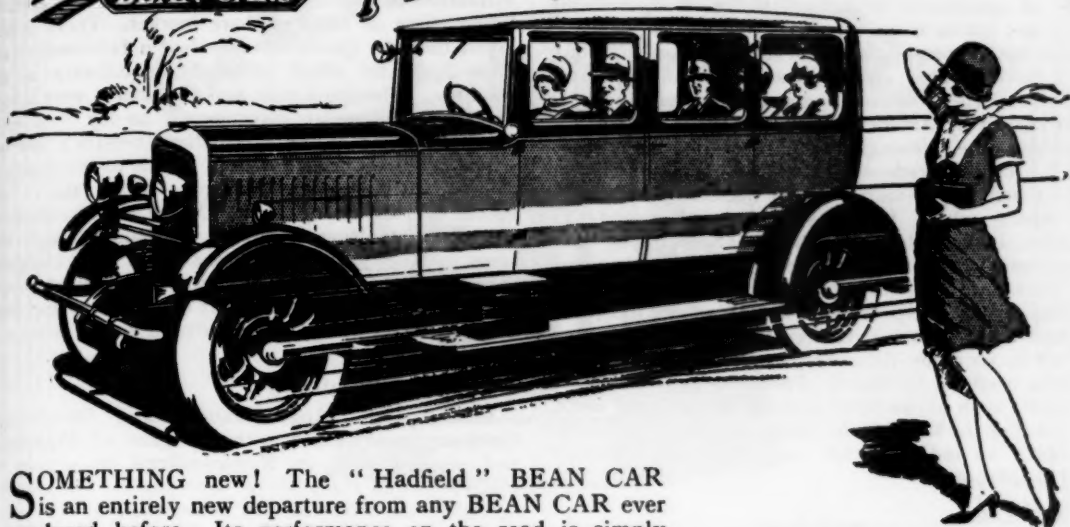
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THE OTHER, VERY GREAT IN HIS OWN EYES.

1. An art of Nippon—less than half we need.
2. Shy mountain sheep from Chinese measure freed.
3. Halve what conceals a wondrous transformation.
4. Nearest they stand to us of all our nation.
5. A boundary now at both ends you must lop,
6. Then from an unfledged bird the final crop.
7. Sweeps from its course what buildings bar the way.
8. More than the whole, so ancient sages say.
9. Instructive—it exemplifies their saw.
10. Curtail a piece (of meat, say, cooked or raw).
11. From bird of dawning take both tail and head.
12. And treat just so a colonel long since dead.\*

\* Executed under Charles II.

### Solution of Acrostic No. 321

J	u	Jitsu	1	The mountain sheep. It is shy and
A	rg	All	1	timid, and when disturbed retreats with
C	o	Coon		a swiftness and agility which render
K	insfol	K		pursuit hopeless.
LI	m	It	2	It faded on the crowing of the cock.
N	estli	Ng		Some say, that ever 'gainst that season
T	ornad	O		comes
H	al	F		Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
E	di	Fying		This bird of dawning singeth all night
B		It		long.—Hamlet, i. 1.
cO		Ck	2	Colonel Daniel Axtel guarded the high
AX	t	El		court of justice during the trial of
				Charles I. At the Restoration he was
				excepted from the act of amnesty, and
				suffered death amidst the grossest
				indignities.

ACROSTIC No. 321.—The winner is Mr. R. Copeman, End House, Owlstone Road, Cambridge, who has selected as his prize 'Miniatures and Silhouettes,' by Max von Boehn, published by Dent and reviewed in our columns on May 12. Thirty-three other competitors named this book, seven chose 'The Pre-War Mind in Britain,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, Bolo, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Ceyx, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Cyril E. Ford, Jop, Kirkton, John Lennie, Madge, Met, G. W. Miller, Margaret Owen, Quis, Rabbits, Shorwell, St. Ives, Stucco, C. J. Warden, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, J. Chambers, Clam, Sir Reginald Egerton, Farsdon, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, H. C. M., Margaret, Martha, Miss Moore, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Peter, F. M. Petty, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Sisyphus, Miss Daphne Touche, Twyford.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—D. L., Estela, Gay, Jeff, Lilian, J. F. Maxwell, Rand. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 320.—ONE LIGHT WRONG: J. B., Margaret. G. W. MILLER.—I accepted "Silt," but not "Malefaction." This word is in the dictionary because Shakespeare used it once in the plural, probably inventing it for the occasion. I doubt whether anyone has used it since, and I feel confident that not a single "country yokel" ever heard of it. Lichen, by breaking up the surface of the primeval rocks, made it possible for higher plants to grow, and eventually for Man to live on the earth.

## CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE raising of the Federal Reserve Bank Rate in New York has acted as a cure to the wave of speculation which we have been experiencing over here for so many months. It is disconcerting to realize how dependent our market is on America, but, as I have pointed out in these notes, many of the sensational rises on the London Stock Exchange have been caused by American buying. The raising of the American rate, although not entirely stopping American buying, has reduced its volume, and this change was immediately reflected on our market. The breathing space which this has given our speculative counters is undoubtedly healthy. Speculators have been reminded that shares need not always rise, and the reminder, with its attendant liquidation of weak positions, will leave markets in a sounder position. Interest on the Stock Exchange to-day is so wide and spread in so many different directions that a sudden collapse need not be feared. Providing the market has set-backs such as we have seen during the last week, the position is likely to be kept within safety limits, but even so indiscriminate speculation is obviously still dangerous.

## RECENT ISSUES

Rarely have so many new issues been made as during the last week, and several of them have proved of more than passing interest. Naturally, the most important was that of the London County Council, and it is interesting to see that the lists only remained open until 10.15 on the day of issue. It is difficult to say how much of the large sum subscribed was on behalf of permanent investors or stags. In any case the ready response to the issue shows that there is plenty of money about for the right class of borrower. Among other issues, the debentures in connexion with the new block of flats on the site of Grosvenor House appear an attractive permanent lock-up investment, for although opinions may vary as to the architectural beauty of the barrack-like building that has been erected, there is little doubt that it presents very substantial security for a debenture. Among industrial issues, the offer for sale of cumulative participating preference shares and ordinary shares in the Alvis Car and Engineering Company seems to possess interesting possibilities.

## BRITISH BRUNSWICK

The British Brunswick Company have issued a circular to their shareholders containing many points of interest. It will be remembered that recently the Duophone Company acquired control of the British Brunswick, and a policy of joint development is being pursued. The circular informs us that a factory has been acquired at Raynes Park, in addition to the existing factories of the two companies at Shepherd's Bush, Feltham, Slough and Southall, and that active steps are being taken to stimulate sales of the companies' records. Probably the most important section of the report is that which states that the company, under its recent contract with the Marconi Company, has entered into an agreement with one of the leading gramophone companies. The effect of this agreement will enable the British Brunswick to market this season a popular-priced Panatrope and further to receive from the company above referred to a percentage on that company's turnover in electrical reproducing instruments, in addition to a cash payment on each machine manufactured and sold under such agreement. Although the name of the leading gramophone company is not included in the circular, there is little doubt that the one referred to is the Columbia Graphophone Company. In these circumstances, and in view of other steps that are being taken to strengthen the position of the Duophone and Brunswick Companies,

the shares of both appear well worth holding as speculative investments with interesting possibilities.

## THE FILM INDUSTRY

The announcement that the British International Pictures had concluded a satisfactory deal for the exhibition of their films in America has had a stimulating effect on the film share market. There is little doubt that the Quota Bill has had a far-reaching and most beneficial effect on the film industry in this country. Whereas a year ago film shares were among the most unpopular investments, to-day they enjoy their fair share of the speculative investor's interest. Attention in the past has been drawn to the shares of the British Gaumont Company, which shares still appear worth locking away. Of the newer companies particular attention is drawn to Gainsborough Pictures. The £1 ordinary shares of this company, recently issued, are standing at a discount of several shillings and offer an excellent opportunity, for those desirous of so doing, of acquiring a sound interest in the film industry.

## ANGLO-NEWFOUNDLAND

In 1905 the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company was formed with a capital of \$7,000,000, and erected mills in Newfoundland to supply the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Mirror* with paper. The mill also furnishes the whole of the newspapers in Newfoundland with their supplies. The Report for the year ended August 31, 1927, states that the trading, after making provision for depreciation and after charging interest on the Debenture Stock and Bonds and providing for income tax, resulted in a profit of \$1,048,523. Since the date of the last Annual Report, the mining development work carried out on the Company's property at the Buchan's Mine by the American Smelting and Refining Company has resulted in the discovery of a large tonnage, estimated to be over 3,000,000 tons, of good grade lead-zinc-copper ore. The Newfoundland Development Company, as a mining proposition, possesses great speculative possibilities, and it is freely whispered that the shares are likely to rise to a very high price.

## DE BEERS

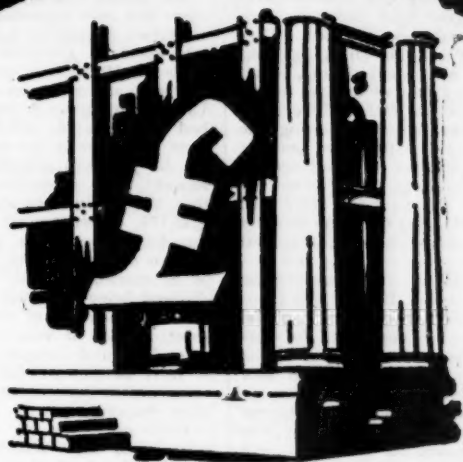
Paris, after indulging in one of its periodic spasms of indiscriminate purchasing of mining shares, has turned round and is now a seller. While the buying probably forced certain prices up to an unjustifiable level, it is equally possible that the selling may depress stocks to an unduly low level. This applies particularly to De Beers. The diamond industry is stated to be in a very satisfactory position at the moment, and it seems probable that when the figures are published at the end of the present year they will denote a strong position. In these circumstances those who are prepared to exercise themselves in patience may consider the possibility of locking away a few of these shares for good dividends and capital appreciation.

## BRANSTON ARTIFICIAL SILK

The Branston Artificial Silk Company have issued their first annual report, in which the directors are able to state that satisfactory progress has been made in the equipment of the factory and the installation of the plant. They explain that it would have been possible to enter into production before the end of the company's financial year, which was on April 30 last, but that they considered it advisable to postpone the installation of a part of the plant in order that they might reap the full benefit of the recommendations made by Messrs. Harbens, as the result of certain recent experience. The directors very wisely do not commit themselves as to date when the output will be started, but they affirm their intention to reach an output of four tons per day at the earliest possible moment. The balance sheet discloses that the cash at bankers, at call and in hand, amounted to £372,360.

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## Company Meetings

## ANGLO-ORIENTAL MINING CORPORATION, LIMITED

## MR. JOHN HOWESON ON THE TIN POSITION

The STATUTORY MEETING of the Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation, Ltd., was held on May 23 at Winchester House, E.C.

Mr. John Howeson, the Chairman, who presided, said that, since the inception of the Corporation, they had already incorporated and established their own Malayan house under the style of Anglo-Oriental Malaya, Ltd., with headquarters at Ipoh. They had also registered in Malaya, Lower Perak Tin Dredging, Ltd., with an authorized capital of a million and a half sterling. That Company would proceed to equip with a fleet of dredges a consolidated area computed to contain some 200,000,000 cubic yards of deep alluvial. The Board had laboured at perfecting the technical and financial arrangements between the Trust and the Alluvial Tin, Malaya group, and he was glad to record definite progress in the amalgamation of three large areas owned by companies in the Alluvial Tin group. Arrangements were well advanced for the formation of a central holding Company to unify as far as possible the control of all units within their several Eastern groups.

Shareholders would have read of the recent absorption of other large producers in Nigeria by Associated Tin Mines, which Company had now become the largest individual producer of alluvial tin within the Empire; that amalgamation assured to the Corporation's Nigerian group approximately half the output of the entire Colony, the whole of which would be converted into metallic tin at the group smelter at Liverpool.

As to the position of the tin-mining industry, its inherent soundness was founded upon two cardinal facts—the first was the constant growth in the world's demand for the metal, and the second was the limitation of supplies. The biggest consumer of tin was the tinsplate industry, 60 per cent. of all the tinsplate manufactured going into the tin cans which furnished a universal medium of food transportation. It was impossible to envisage the saturation point in the demand for tinsplates. It was suggested that the canning industry was finding safe and efficient substitutes for tinsplate, but he did not think there was any immediate cause for anxiety on that score. President Phelps, of the American Can Company, whose authority nobody could question, had stated that, while his Company would probably continue to make experiments with a view to the discovery of some substance cheaper than pig-tin, he had to confess that so far no such substitute for coating steel plates to be used in closing food products had been found. There were other and varied uses to which tin was applied, notably solder, an indispensable article, while the motor industry consumed white-metal, bronze and other tin alloys.

On the production side, during the past five years output had been unable to meet the world's requirements, and the heavy post-war stock had been drawn on to meet the deficiency down to their last ton. Recent increases of production had been won almost entirely at the expense of the already proved reserves of tin; every continent and every country had been scoured, but no new field had been unearthed, and it did not appear that any such discovery was in prospect. Despite the notable increase in production in 1927, output had not even yet overtaken demand. But the effects of that increase upon market sentiment was only too apparent in the present price of tin, which discounted a supposititious plethora of the metal. Could ever greater folly be conceived than this deliberate creation of the delusion of illimitable supplies? The blame, he thought, rested upon the producer, and was due to the complete lack of organization, which was the prime characteristic of the tin-producing industry. With tin at £300, almost any alluvial production must pay handsomely, but the time would come when tin could not be produced at that price, and, if they were not prudent and far-seeing, they would have parted in the meantime with their modest store at a wholly inadequate profit.

The margin between the barely sufficient present stock and a positive shortage was only a very few thousand tons. That fine balance, though it had endured for two years, could not be maintained indefinitely. Yet the main issue was obscured by the bogey of over-production—the reflex of the relatively large capital sums which producers had been compelled to seek during the past three years in their frantic efforts to keep pace with the constantly increasing demand for their product. Despite that bogey he did not hesitate to say that much more money was needed for equipment if recent progress was to be upheld, and much greater sums must be spent on exploratory work if they were to replace the reserves of tin oxide which were diminishing year by year at so alarming a rate. Consolidation and re-grouping was requisite to prevent the wastage ensuing from the employment of inefficient and inadequate plant, and a stock of metallic tin must be built up and held in such a manner that it constituted not a menace but an appropriate measure of safety to the trade. As, however, he had already shown, the reorganization of the industry on modern lines was in progress. The Board were giving the question their closest and most earnest attention, being convinced that not only the Corporation's prosperity, but the interest of the large range of consuming industries to which tin was essential were bound up with its satisfactory solution.

No resolution was submitted, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors concluded the proceedings.

## HOLBOROUGH CEMENT COMPANY

## STRIKING PROGRESS

## OUTPUT AND SALES INCREASING

The SECOND ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Holborough Cement Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday last at Winchester House, London, E.C.

Mr. Henry S. Horne, who presided, said that during the year there had been expended on extensions to the plant and various important accessories a further £67,591, making a total for the two years of £130,266. That substantial capital outlay had made the Holborough cement works one of the best mechanically equipped and most up-to-date cement units of its size in the United Kingdom. A material decrease in manufacturing costs had been effected, which made it possible for the company to meet satisfactorily the keen competition prevailing. The profit for the year was £62,548, which, added to the amount brought forward, gave a total of £78,787. The directors recommended that the preliminary expenses, commission and brokerages, £39,175, be written off, that a provision of £20,000 be made for depreciation, that the balance of compensation to late officials of the company, £7,975, be written off, leaving £11,636 to be carried forward. The profits would have allowed of a dividend being paid, but the directors considered it would be in the best interests of the company to consolidate the balance sheet, because it was essential for a cement company, or any other industrial company for that matter, to be in a position to meet competitive conditions that might arise from time to time, and to possess ample funds so as to be in a position to adopt improvements.

At the same time, as a result of excessive foreign competition, cement had fallen several shillings per ton, and he did not see any likelihood of that competition lessening. Therefore, to keep ample funds in hand during such a period was sound policy. However, by the expenditure of additional funds in plant improvements and additions, they had effected a saving of 3s. per ton in certain operations which, on an output of 225,000 tons per annum, amounted to a saving of £33,750 per annum. They had increased their storage capacity over 150 per cent. as against last year, and had also provided special arrangements for dealing with their Vitocrete brand, which was meeting with universal approval as a result of its outstanding qualities as a super rapid hardening cement. They had also made considerable enlargements to their wharf, and, by carrying through a deepening scheme, had been able to handle a far bigger tonnage. Their shipments for the end of their financial year showed an increase of 100 per cent. over the previous year. The saving in manufacturing costs was approximately 20 per cent., and the increased production from the kilns in service was also approximately 20 per cent., so he considered that the £70,289 had been well spent, and justified at every angle, and that the figures constituted striking progress.

In the prospectus it was anticipated that there would be an output on two kilns of 125,000 tons per annum, and that with a third kiln there would be a total capacity of 185,000 tons per annum. In actual effect they had exceeded that, and were producing at a rate of over 225,000 tons per annum. At that time cement was calculated as selling around 42s. to 50s. per ton, and it was anticipated that the profit would exceed £100,000 per annum. The year 1926 being no criterion of what a cement plant could do, owing to the coal strike, he thought it was only fair in relation to that estimate to say that, if prices to-day had been ruling on that basis, that estimate would have been exceeded, and their earnings would have been some £40,000 greater. In other words, their profit figure would have been £106,982, even although for some time they were not marketing their full output.

## MAIN EXPENDITURE COMPLETED

It was estimated that, when everything was completed, the capitalization per ton of output would work out in the neighbourhood of £2 10s. on the output anticipated, which was 4,000 tons of cement per week. However, recent results had shown that they could figure on a basis of 4,500 tons per week, which gave a par capitalization per ton of £2 5s. or, at the present market price of the shares, £4 8s.

Turning to the sales, it was announced at the last meeting that Mr. Oliver Piper was going to join the board as managing director. At that time the average sales per week were approximately in the neighbourhood of £1,250 tons. From the 1st of January of this year the sales were at the rate of 3,280 tons per week, and had averaged from that period a figure in excess of 4,000 tons per week—the week before last reaching the record figure of 4,888 tons. That big increase was due to the efforts of their managing director and the support from his sales staff, so that the changes had been amply justified.

The scheme of greater co-ordination between the company, the Ship Canal Cement Co. and the Greaves, Bull and Lakin Co. had amply justified itself, and in the current year more definite evidence of that would be forthcoming. When they bore in mind that during the period under review there had been constant construction going on at the plant, change of salesmen, and contending with all manner of most unfair and underhand competition, he thought shareholders would agree that the results were good.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

## VALUABLE BOOKS FOR SALE

Guy De Maupassant's Works translated into English. 10 vols. £3 3s. Blake's Works. Edited by Ellis and Yeats. 3 vols. 1893. £26. Owen & Blackway. History of Shrewsbury, 1826. 3 vols. quarto. Fine copy £4 15s.  
Ormerod's History of Cheshire. 3 vols. Folio, fine copy. 1883. £5 5s.  
Milne (A. A.). Winnie the Pooh. L.P. Signed copy. As new. 1926. £5 5s.  
Ruskin's Complete Works. Best Library Edition. 39 vols. As new. £20. Published at 39 guineas.  
Shaw (G. B.). Saint Joan. Illustrated by Ricketts. L.P. As new. £5 5s.  
Milne Gallery of Children. L.P. £3 3s.  
Thackeray's Works. Illus. Lib. Ed. 23 vols. 1867. £12 10s.  
Lucian translated by Hicks. Illustrated. Golden Cockerel Press. £3 3s.  
Arthur Machen's Works. 9 vols. £5 5s.  
Beaumont Press: De La Mare, The Sunken Garden 21s., The Tale of Igor 21s., Drinkwater Tides 21s., Davies Raptures 21s., Le Petit Chaperon Rouge 21s., Goldini Good-Humoured Ladies 21s.; very limited issues.

## BOOKS WANTED

Kipling Jungle Books, 1st Edits. 2 vols. 1894-95.  
Darwin's Origin of Species, 1859.  
Woman in White. 3 vols. 1880.  
De Quincey's Opium Eater. 1823.  
Sir Ralph Esher. 3 vols. 1830.

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## Scholarships

KING'S SCHOOL, Bruton, Somerset. An examination will be held on June 12th, 13th and 14th for three Entrance Scholarships of £50, £40 and £30. For particulars apply to the Headmaster.

## Appeal

S.T. MARY, EDMONTON.—Please help this very poor parish of 8,000 people by sending cast-off clothing, boots, or "rummage" of any kind to the Mission Sister, St. Mary's Vicarage, Edmonton, N.

## Galleries

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square, 10-6. Sats., 10-1.

- (1) Paintings by the late J. D. INNES (1887-1914).
- (2) Paintings of London by PAUL MAITLAND (1869-1909).
- (3) Water-colours by OWEN MERTON.

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## Company Meeting

MODDERFONTEIN B. GOLD MINES,  
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(INCORPORATED IN THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA)

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE NINETEENTH ORDINARY  
GENERAL MEETING, HELD IN JOHANNESBURG ON FRIDAY, APRIL  
27TH, 1928.

The Chairman (Mr. J. Martin) said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,

During the financial year ended December 31, 1927, the report and accounts for which are submitted to-day for your consideration, the ore milled, for the first time in any year of the Company's history, exceeded 800,000 tons. The exact figure was 804,000 tons, or an average of 67,000 tons per month, compared with an average of 66,000 tons per month during the previous year. The revenue decreased by 7d. per ton milled, while working costs at 18s. 2d. per ton milled, were lower than in any year since 1916, and showed an improvement of 3d. per ton on those of 1926. Compared with the previous year's results, the working profit of £588,803 was £6,305 lower, whilst the total profit showed a slight increase at £620,651.

After adding to the total profit the balance of £373,965 unappropriated at the beginning of the year, £495 in respect of forfeited dividends and £34,255 for credits of a capital nature—consisting of accruals under the Bewaarplaats Money Application Act 1917 and proceeds of the sale of plant—there was a total credit to Appropriation Account of £1,029,366, which, as shown in the Directors' Report, was disposed of as follows:—Dividends Nos. 30 and 31 of 40 per cent. each absorbed £560,000; taxation amounted to £81,488; and a further provision of £14,431 was made towards the Company's outstanding liability under the Miners' Phthisis Acts Consolidation Act, 1925. The unappropriated balance at December 31, 1927, was, therefore, £373,447 4s. 2d., represented by cash and cash assets after allowing for current liabilities.

The latest calculation of the Company's share of the outstanding liability in respect of Miners' Phthisis Compensation—made at July 31, 1927—was £159,177, an increase of £2,921 compared with the corresponding figure at July 31, 1926; at the end of the financial year an amount of £29,869 16s. 7d. had been provided towards this obligation. In addition, current levies paid during the year and charged to working costs amounted to £23,668, equivalent to 7.1d. per ton of ore milled.

The standard of efficiency at the mine has been well maintained, and the reduction of working costs of 3d. per ton milled was achieved, notwithstanding a further narrowing of stope widths. The good progress that has been made in this direction is shown by the following comparative table:—

Year.	Average Stope Width. Inches.
1922 ... ..	64
1923 ... ..	59
1924 ... ..	57
1925 ... ..	54
1926 ... ..	49
1927 ... ..	45

It is noteworthy that since 1922 the average stope width of the mine has been brought down by 19 inches, or practically 30 per cent. The reduction in stope widths has, in its turn, produced fresh problems, two of which the Manager mentions in his report—the lack of sufficient waste rock for use in the support of the hanging wall and the increased difficulty of clearing the broken rock from the stope faces. The position is, however, being satisfactorily met by, in the first case, the greater use of concrete supports, and, in the second, by the extended employment underground of mechanical scrapers and other appliances which, since their introduction a year or two ago, have given successful results.

Development operations were maintained on a big scale, the footage accomplished during the year being 28,870 feet. On referring to the plan issued with the report, you will notice that practically the whole area of the Company's property has been covered by development drives, so that the major development programme of the mine is almost completed. Considerable footage, of course, remains to be done, but, as the Consulting Engineer mentions, this will, in the main, be confined to subsidiary development, to exploring areas of uncertain value, and to further prospecting for and proving the Upper Leaders.

Although the development footage was 1,341 feet less than that of 1926, the payable ore developed during 1927 was 110,330 tons more than the tonnage developed during the previous year, and its average value of 6.40 dwts. per ton was slightly higher. The ore reserve recalculated as at December 31, 1927, totalled 2,273,320 tons of an average value of 7.39 dwts. per ton, over a stoping width of 54.1 inches. This represents a reduction of 188,460 tons, a fractional increase in average value and a stoping width narrower by 2.4 inches. The reduction in tonnage is due partially to the narrower width

assumed, but chiefly to the elimination from the reserve of certain blocks from which the better portions had been mined and the balance of which was classed as unpayable.

During the year under review, considerable attention was paid to the Upper Leaders, some 3,300 feet of prospecting having been accomplished in locating them and testing their value. As the Consulting Engineer states in his report, the values were not, on the whole, very encouraging. No tonnage was blocked out which could be included in the ore reserve, but over small areas in the upper levels these leaders have been mined, and a considerable tonnage of low-grade ore may become available during reclamation operations in the south-west section of the mine. Since the close of the year a limited tonnage has been mined each month, the values continuing to be erratic and generally low. We expect, however, that in the aggregate and over a period we shall secure from this source an appreciable tonnage of ore for the mill.

For the first three months of the current financial year the monthly tonnage milled has been 1,333 tons above the average for 1927, revenue has been 9d. per ton lower, costs have been 2d. per ton higher, and the average monthly working profit has been £46,947. The same scale of development operations has been maintained as in 1927, and there is no feature of particular interest which calls for further comment at this juncture.

In conclusion, I have much pleasure in expressing the Board's cordial appreciation of the valuable services rendered during the past year by the Consulting Engineer, Mr. J. E. Healey, the Manager, Mr. C. L. Butlin, the Secretaries and their respective Staffs.

I now beg to move that the Directors' Report, Balance Sheet and Accounts for the year ended December 31, 1927, laid before the meeting, be received and adopted.

Mr. J. R. Nicholson seconded the motion.

The Chairman declared the subject open for discussion.

There being no questions or discussion, the motion was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

Directorate.—There being no other nominations, the Chairman declared the retiring Directors, Messrs. F. Raleigh and A. Mackie Niven, duly re-elected.

Auditors.—The remuneration of the retiring Auditors for the past audit was fixed at 300 guineas each, and Mr. H. J. Macrae and Messrs. Whiteley Brothers were appointed Auditors of the Company for the ensuing year.

The proceedings then terminated.

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